14227
February 14, 1977 ▪ 50¢

People weekly

Sex: its grip on politics

Freddie Prinze's own words about drugs & despair

Dick Clark never stops

Liz & John

The new Mrs. Warner is 'happy out to pasture' in Virginia

Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)

*Av per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Menthol 1 mg. tar

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Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged no more than:
"TAR"* 1 MG . . . PER CIGARETTE
NICOTINE 0.1 MG . . . PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."
Carlton
MENTHOL

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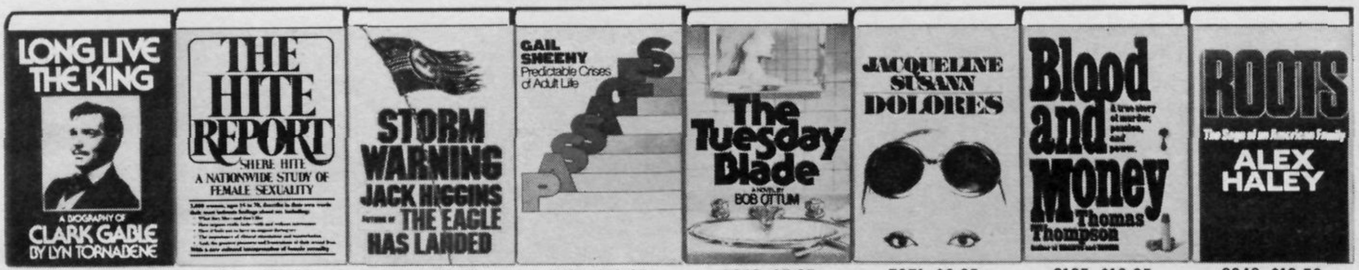
LONG LIVE THE KING
A BIOGRAPHY OF CLARK GABLE BY LYN TORNABENE
THE HITE REPORT
SHERE HITE
A NATIONWIDE STUDY OF FEMALE SEXUALITY
STORM WARNING
JACK HIGGINS
THE EAGLE HAS LANDED
GAIL SHEEHY
Predictable Crises of Adult Life
PASSAGES
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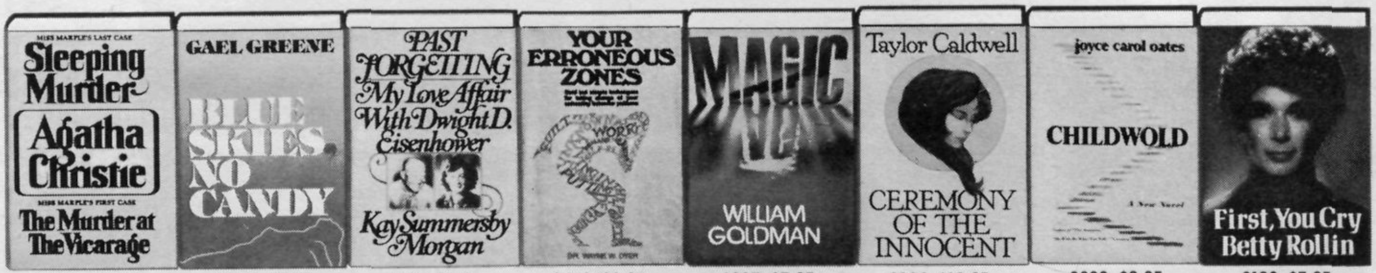
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Sleeping Murder
Agatha Christie
MISS MARPLE'S FIRST CASE
The Murder at The Vicarage
GAEL GREENE
BLUE SKIES, NO CANDY
PAST FORGETTING
My Love Affair With Dwight D. Eisenhower
Kay Summersby Morgan
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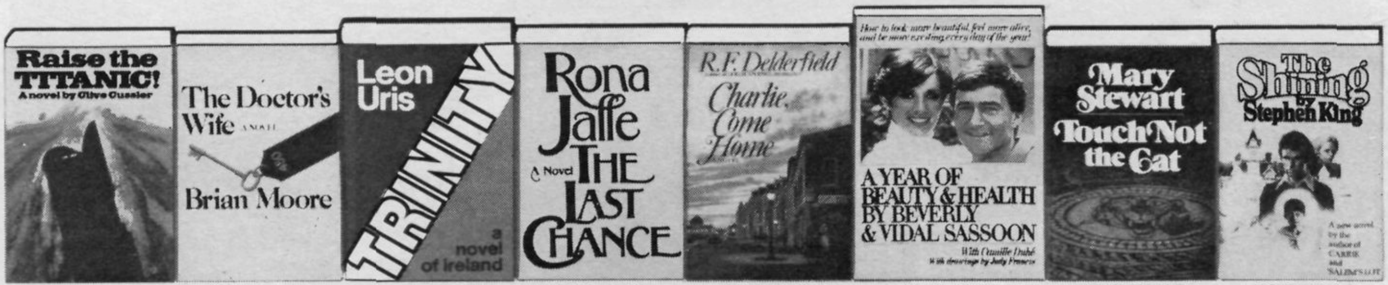
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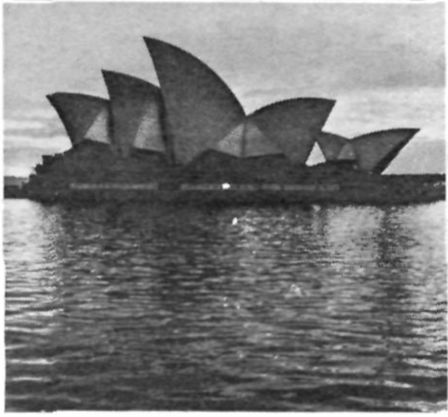

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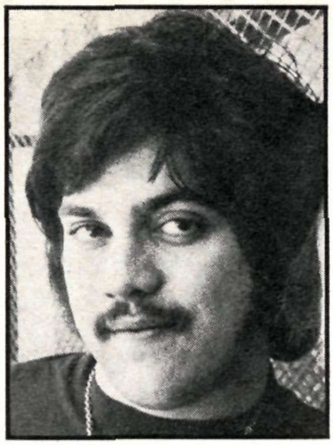

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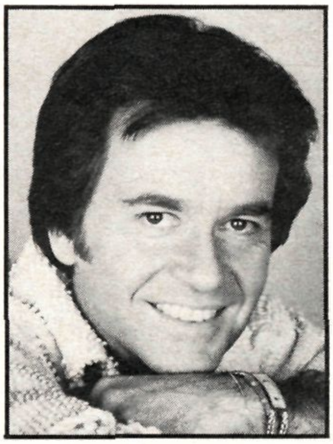

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Cover photograph by Oscar Abolafia

PEOPLE WEEKLY, published weekly, except two issues combined in one at year-end, $26 per year U.S. and $30 per year Canada only, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Edward Patrick Lenahan, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Direct subscription inquiries to PEOPLE WEEKLY, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Send all other mail to PEOPLE WEEKLY, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. The editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited photographs and manuscripts, which must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope if the material is to be returned. © 1977 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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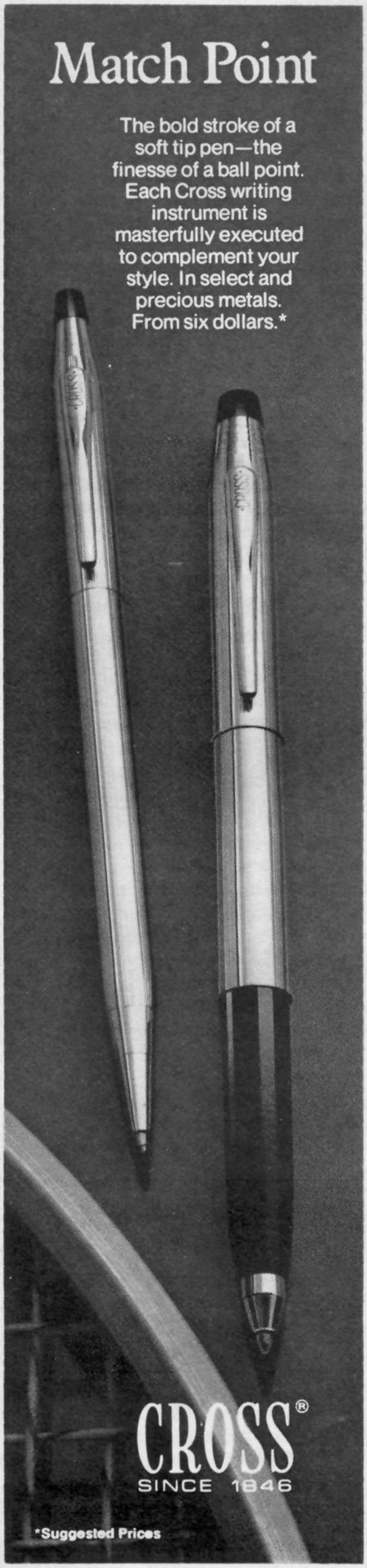
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Claudine Longet

Wouldn't it be a nice change if someone wrote an article on Claudine Longet (PEOPLE, Jan. 24) and brought out the fact that some people in Aspen like and support her? I'm so tired of hearing how the "locals" don't care for her. Not always so.

L. Ericson
Aspen, Colo.

Your article was one-sided. To three-fourths of the people in the U.S. and all of the people in Aspen, Claudine is guilty. Your article made her sound as if she never did anything. She deserves what she is getting.

Thomas Willis
Fort Worth

Isn't Claudine Longet a little old for those *Romper Room*/Twiggy dresses, the little-girl barrettes in her limp, unset hair, and the whispery voice talking about nature hikes, planting seeds and raising chickens? It doesn't quite square with her Vegas showgirl days, the rumors that surrounded Claudine when she was married to Williams or her life-style with Sabich. Claudine should update her act.

Sharon McMahon
Las Vegas

Andy Williams should be commended for staying by Claudine's side regardless of her guilt or innocence. After all the emotional support Williams has given her, I'd consider him "her best friend." Why doesn't she?

Wendy Richards
Miami

Poor Claudine! Damn Women's Lib! Once, she could have crossed her shapely legs and told the jury, "I did not know the gun was loaded," and the jury would have said, "Of course. Not guilty." What happened was all a reaction to the "feminist movement."

Richard Becerra
Oxnard, Calif.

Jackson Browne

Thank you for at last recognizing one of the true musical and lyrical geniuses of this generation. At a time when music has degenerated to the quackings of a *Disco Duck* or the fun of working at the local *Car Wash*, it is nice to know that there is still hope. The recognition of the brilliance and beauty of a Jackson Browne lyric is long overdue. The man can express more about life in a song than most authors can say in a novel.

Sharon Pelton
Knoxville

You classify Jackson Browne as a prime mover of the "new L.A. country-rock-folk amalgam." Why can't we just read the man's words, receive the song's message, and simply lie back and enjoy his music? We must always find some precise category. Someday soon I fear I'll be reading about a revolutionary new Dylan who is the prime mover of the new country-jazz-neo-classical-operatic-nonsecular-folk-bluegrass-ragtime-rock amalgam. Good grief!

Bruce Hamphton
Kentland, Ind.

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NEXT WEEK in People weekly

Every night's the night for Rod Stewart

Rock's raspiest voice has his biggest (and raunchiest) hit ever, while his muse is Britt Ekland

Mark McCormack, the jock broker

He's the financial brain behind Arnold Palmer, John Havlicek, Ilie Nastase—and beautiful models too

TV's 'Roots' have dug in

How ABC's most-watched series ever changed the lives of Uggams, Vereen, et al

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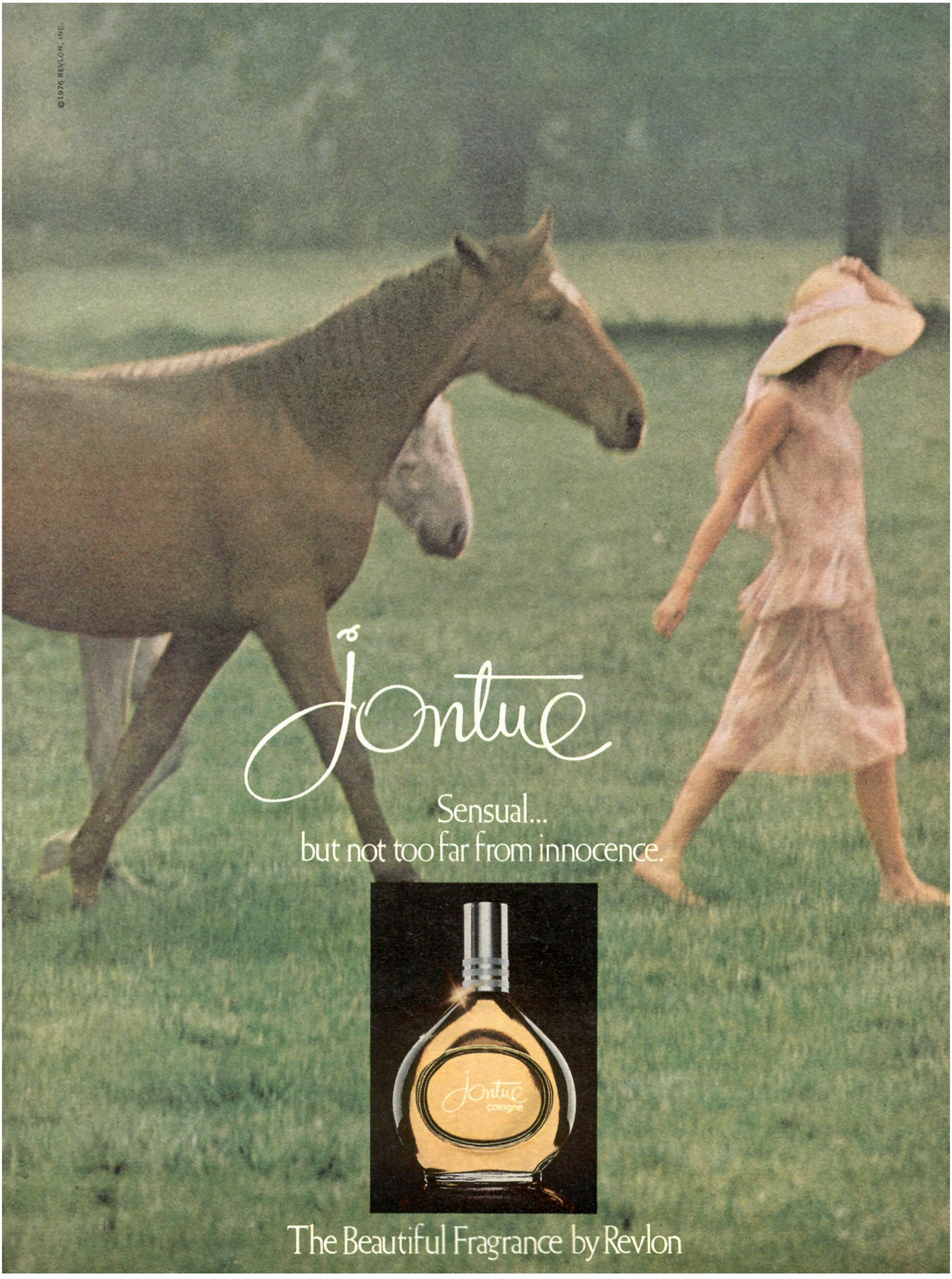
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- Muhammad Ali's championship fights
- Raymond Floyd at the Masters...Johnny Miller at the British Open
- The Celtics eclipsing the Suns to take home their 13th NBA title
- Montreal stunning the Flyers
- Once-in-a-lifetime tennis between Connors and Borg
- Bold Forbes winning the Derby
- Cincinnati vs. the Yankees in the World Series
- The biggie of the Bowl games—Super Bowl XI!

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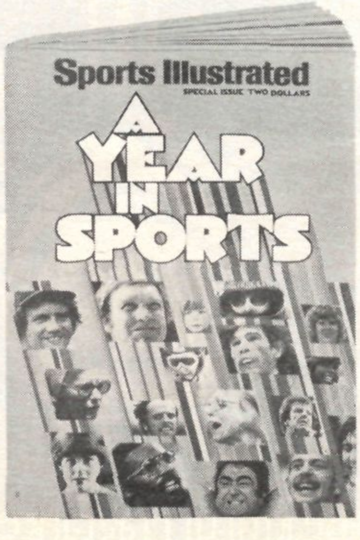

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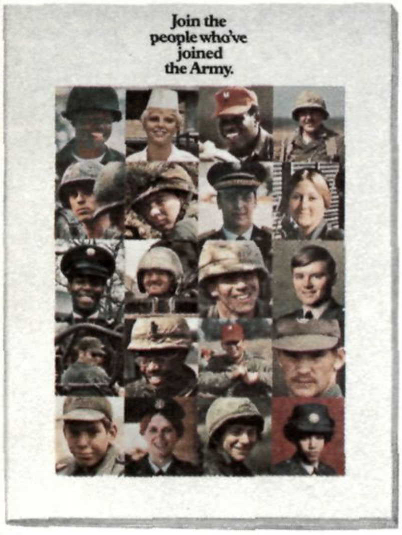

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Anita Bryant

So Anita Bryant wears a "restrainer" to bed and it's lousy for her love life! Well, I guess! I wear a "retainer" to bed and it doesn't affect my love life at all.

Vonni Hoffman
Bellingham, Wash.

As the author of the Anita Bryant/Bob Greene story, I find it as enraging as it is ironic that Ms. Bryant, who rightfully complained to me of the persecution and intolerance she has known throughout her career for her religious beliefs, decided on the day PEOPLE came out to display an intolerance and persecution of her own. As the newspapers reported, Ms. Bryant went before the Dade County Commission in Miami to protest against a proposed city ordinance that would make it illegal for anyone to discriminate against homosexuals in housing, employment and public accommodations. Ms. Bryant opposed the law on religious grounds. I find Ms. Bryant's intolerance and persecution decidedly un-Christian. Isn't it curious, and unfortunate, how people often incorporate into their own behavior that which they have deplored so in others?

Alan Ebert
New York City

Judith Viorst

In your article on Judith Viorst you forgot one small detail. What is the name of the cat sleeping curled up in the chair?

Heidi Reuss
Sterling Heights, Mich.

Timothy.—ED.

Susan Baker

Safety expert Susan Baker is concentrating her efforts in the wrong direction. Driver safety programs don't work, huh? I have an article in front of me about a motorcycle safety program initiated by a man named John R. Grinsel at the Yokota Air Base in Tokyo. Mr. Grinsel was disturbed by a string of five motorcycle fatalities in two months at Yokota and decided to do something about it. Four years and 1,500 students later, *not one* person who had taken the course had been killed riding a bike. Interesting. If Mrs. Baker's efforts are successful with

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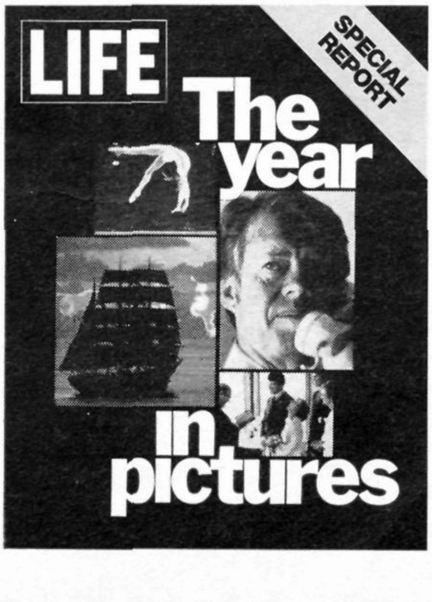

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MAIL
CONTINUED

her present attitude, it won't be long before we see air bags on skis, 20-mph bumpers on football helmets, turn signals on skateboards, back-up beepers on shopping carts, and knives with blunt edges so we won't cut ourselves.

John Newcomb
West Redding, Conn.

As the wife of a motorcycle "accident" fatality, I strongly agree with Mrs. Baker's position on helmets. Although in my husband's case his helmet did not make a whole lot of difference (though without it he would probably never have made it to the hospital emergency room still living), in most cases a helmet does infinitely more good than ill.

True, also, that it is not necessarily the motorcycle rider who pays the penalty or bears the tragedy; rather the young widow and the five-month-old daughter my husband left behind forever.

Jenn C. Mabra
Sacramento

Please inform Susan Baker that riding a bicycle without tying down her right pant leg can be *very* dangerous, even with the proper chain guard.

Shirley Vaught
Goodyear, Ariz.

Willie Shoemaker

Willie Shoemaker's wife is allergic to horses? Next you'll be telling us Beethoven was deaf.

Michael G. Hutsko
Norwalk, Calif.

Kitty O'Neil

I feel pity for Kitty O'Neil that she seems to believe it is beneath her to know sign language. I, too, read lips and have understandable speech, but I am not ashamed to use my hands. One feels that she has not fully accepted her handicap.

Donna M. Ahern
St. Paul

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LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Carol Miller, 26, leads two lives. By day she is completing her final year of law school at Hofstra University, and at night she spins records from 10 to 2 on ABC's New York FM rock music station WPLJ. According to the latest rating, Carol has the largest audience of any woman deejay in the country, with an estimated 800,000 people listening to her each week. While an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, Carol began working for the campus radio station. On a dare from friends, she applied for a job at a Philadelphia commercial station, WMMR, and got it. After graduating with a bachelor of arts degree in biology, she became music director for WMMR, and a year later she took on an additional job as a weekend deejay for its New York sister station, WNEW-FM. "It got to the point where I was on the train all the time," she says. "But in a masochistic way I enjoyed those rides—it was like being a performer on the road." She moved to WPLJ in 1975. A devoted Beatles fan, her biggest thrill came during the recent Wings tour stop in New York when a co-worker said, "Paul tells me he listens to you all the time when he's in New York and wants to meet you." Carol admits, "I jumped up and down and split my pants." ☐

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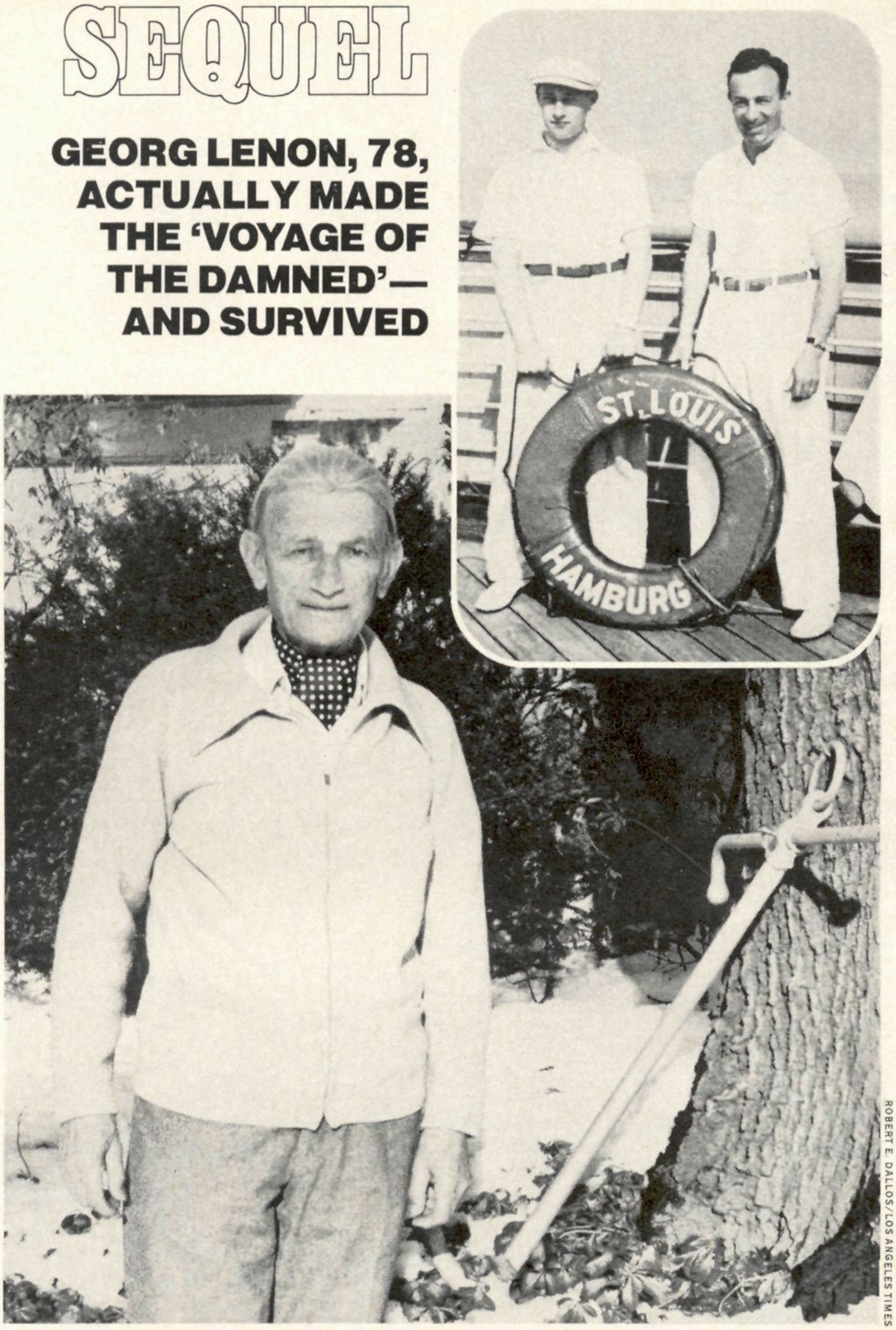
SEQUEL

GEORG LENON, 78, ACTUALLY MADE THE 'VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED'— AND SURVIVED



ROBERT E. DALLOS/LOS ANGELES TIMES

Brothers Georg and Carl Lenneberg (inset) began their voyage in 1939 with joy. Georg (above) today lives outside New York City; his brother died last year.

As he sat in the theater watching the recently released film *Voyage of the Damned*, 78-year-old Georg Lenon felt his skin crawl. "When I saw the Nazi armbands and listened to the band play *Deutschland über alles*, it all came back. We were so full of hope. Then we were shattered."

In 1939 Lenon was a 41-year-old bachelor who had briefly been held in Dachau concentration camp. He and 936 other Jews sailed from Germany aboard the liner *St. Louis*, permitted by the Nazi government to seek refuge in Cuba. When Havana, and then the United States, turned them down, the ship sailed back to Europe—demonstrating, the Nazis announced to the world, that Jews were not welcome anywhere. The movie tells the story of that fateful trip.

Lenon says the voyage over was "a dreamlike cruise. We danced, we played shuffleboard and we had movies. It was great. We had escaped Hitler. The German crew treated us like honored people." The return trip was

CONTINUED

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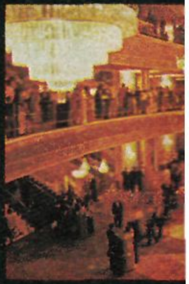
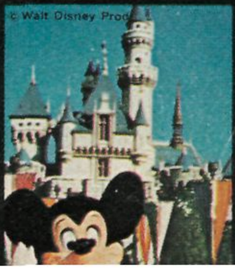

L.A. MUSIC CENTER

QUEEN MARY, LONG BEACH



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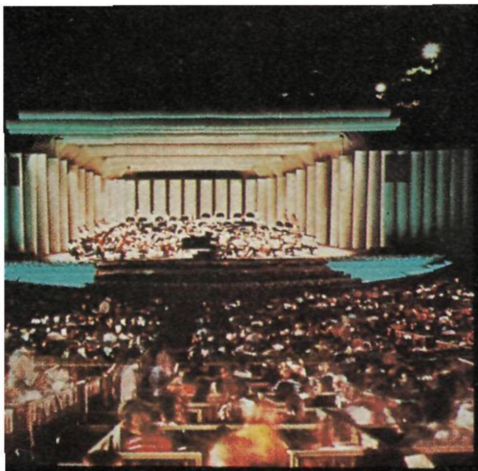
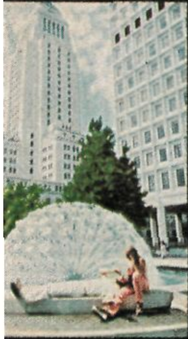

HOLLYWOOD BOWL

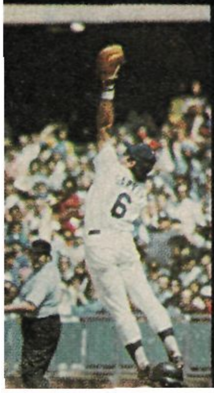
MAGIC MOUNTAIN

MARINELAND


THE L.A. MALL

SPLASH IN THE PACIFIC

KNOTT'S BERRY FARM, BUENA PARK



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SequelCONTINUED

another matter. "We even had our own patrols to prevent suicides." The *St. Louis* docked in Belgium, where Lenon and his brother were granted asylum. Their quota numbers came up 10 months later and they left for New York.

At the end of the movie, which stars Faye Dunaway and Oskar Werner, the audience is told that two-thirds of the passengers died in concentration camps. Lenon's reaction: "My God, how lucky I was to have come out alive."

As for the movie treatment, Lenon, who changed his name from Lenneberg, says, "There is some Hollywood in it. But basically the movie isn't fiction. I didn't know about some of the things that went on. I had no idea, for example, that we had a Nazi spy on board." Lenon adds that one of the subplots—an affair between a young girl and the captain's steward—is strictly out of the screenwriters' imagination. "I knew that girl. She was the daughter of a lawyer who jumped overboard in Havana Harbor," recalls Lenon. "She was always flirting with me."

Lenon, who lives in Mamaroneck, N.Y., became a diamond cutter, married an American and retired six years ago. He says he understands now why this country refused to grant sanctuary to the refugees on the *St. Louis*. "It was political, I think. Roosevelt was running for reelection, and there was a big isolationist vote. The law said we couldn't enter the United States, and the Americans simply followed the law. A law is a law. We Prussians know that better than anyone else." Lenon certainly was not bitter. The first vote he cast as an American citizen was for Roosevelt in 1944.

ROBERT E. DALLOS

Max Von Sydow stars as the sympathetic German captain of the 'St. Louis' in the film 'Voyage of the Damned.'

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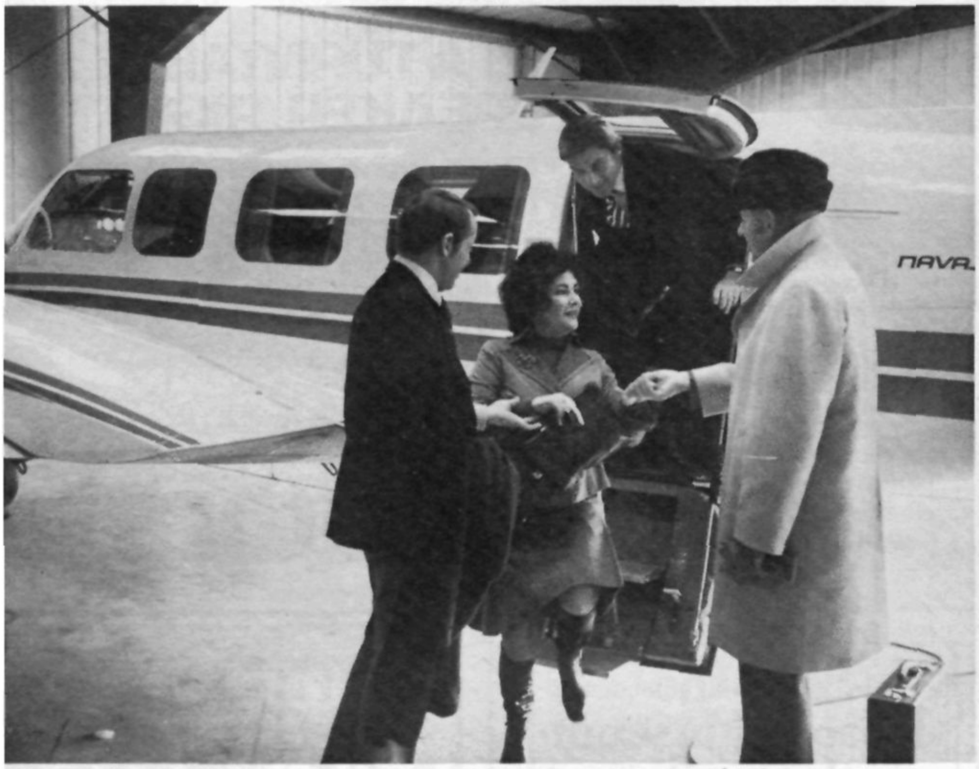
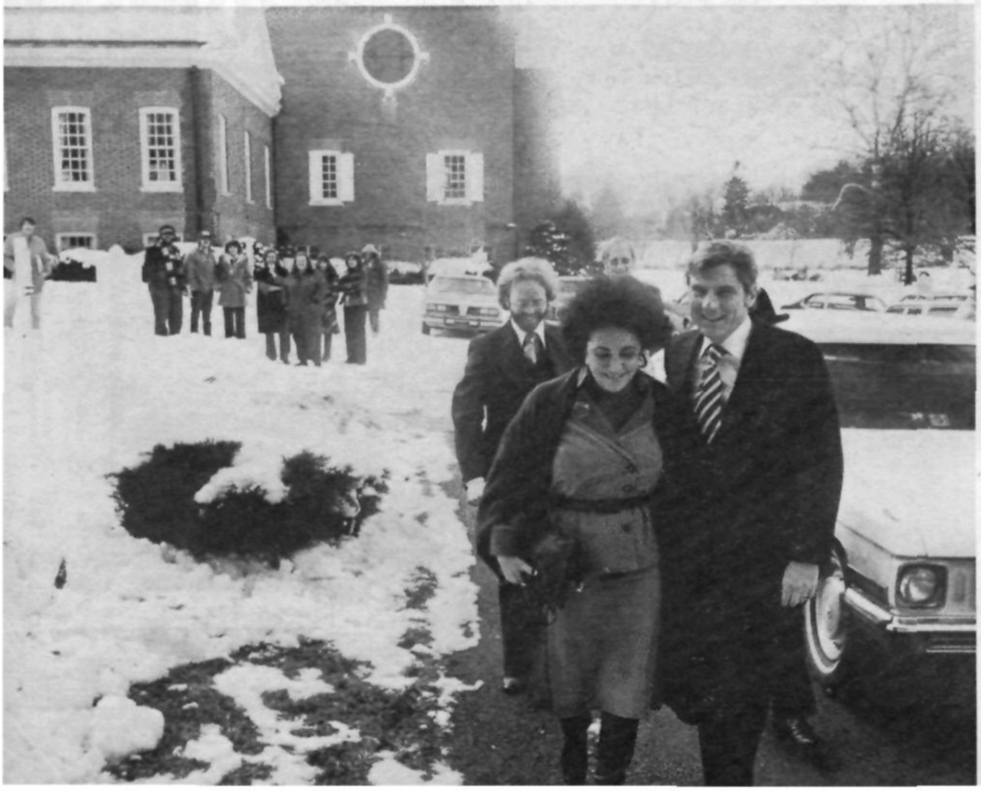
UP FRONT

LIZ TAYLOR IS CONTENT TO STAY DOWN ON THE FARM, AND SHE'S SEEN MORE THAN PAREE



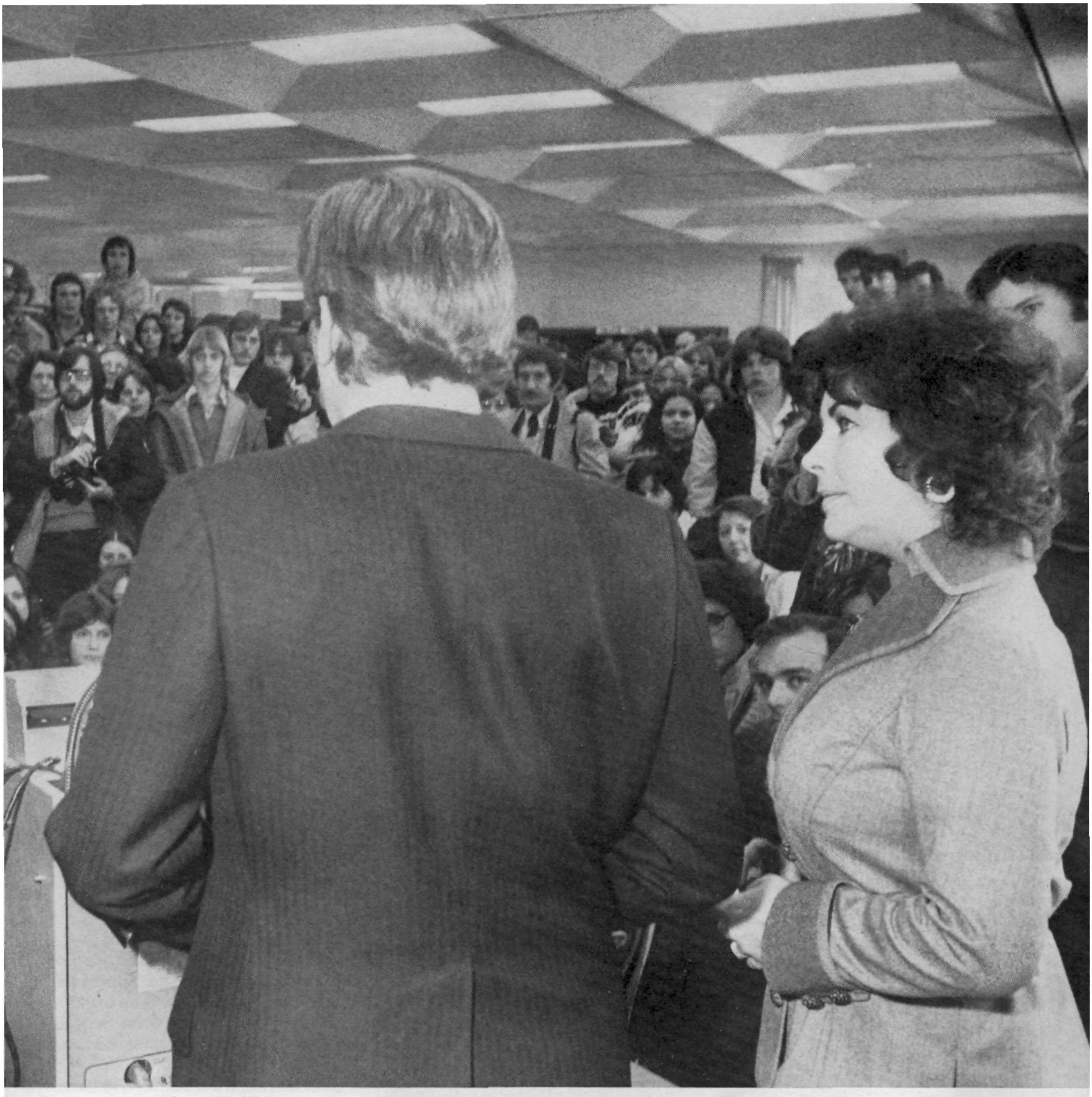
In Marion, Liz meets Chamber of Commerce rep Don Jones. The plane was courtesy of builder Harry Williams (left).

Liz makes her way to a drama seminar at Emory and Henry—with her fans, for once, keeping their distance.



Reveille was at 5:30 a.m., and John Warner, the proprietor of Virginia's Atoka Farm, flipped off his black sleep mask, a relic of battlefield catnapping in the Korean war and a congenital restlessness. Ahead were three days in which the ambitious Warner and especially his new bride would feel out their political acceptability in the state's backwaters. Also to be tested was Mrs. Warner's tolerance for the indignities the American electorate

Photographs by Oscar Abolafia



After John Warner's introduction, Liz Taylor reminisced about Hollywood and said: "My job now is with my husband."

inflicts in the name of democracy.

No sane director would ever have cast Liz Taylor for the part. For starters, a recent tumble at the chic Swiss ski redoubt of Gstaad had broken her middle finger in two places. Still, the notorious autograph-stiffer put on a splint and gamely pressed the flesh ("more than 2,000 hands in three days," she estimated). Her husband could and did help her cut the turkey dished up at a high school cafeteria. But no one could fix her coif (which she's doing herself now for the first time in memory) when a student put a hairnet cap on her head and dubbed her an honorary cafeteria maid of Emory and Henry College. And in any campaign, warned the state attorney general's wife, Elizabeth could count on having to change wardrobes in drafty, stinking filling station restrooms. But when E and H President Dr. Thomas Chilcote said grace over lunch and asked a special blessing that their eight-week-old marriage would endure forever, Elizabeth said "Amen" loudest of all, then squeezed Chilcote's hand and whispered, "It will—I promise."

To be sure, this was Liz's seventh such promise in perpetuity (counting Richard Burton twice). But the trouper deployed on the Virginia hustings bore no resemblance to the Taylor the world has read to death about. Gone

CONTINUED

Student Harry Varn proves that her beauty survives domestication as he ties on an honorary cafeteria worker's apron.

John shows her around a 1776 cabin at Emory. "I just love my life here," she says. "I'm making myself right at home."

CONTINUED

was Old Spend-and-Sparkle Plenty, the retinues and hauteurs, the days of Wynberg and roses. "I'm very happy and contented being out to pasture as the wife of a country squire," she exults. "I've never felt so much at home, and I just know my long search for roots is over."

Besides, adds Elizabeth, "He's the only man I've ever let call me Liz. We've got the most gorgeous thing going between us. I don't think of him as husband No. 7. He's No. 1 all the way. He has an honesty and integrity that I've never seen in any man I've ever known before." Finally, she winks: "He's the best lover I've ever had."

"If you were a fly on the wall of our house," picks up Warner, "you'd know we were behaving just like teenagers. We have pillow fights at night, and we're like a comedy team from the time we get up. I tell her she's got to read the editorial pages along with the fun-

Mrs. Warner gets a see-through nightie from Marion citizens. (Warner went pink and quickly buried it in the box.)

In the best stumping tradition, Warner greets a potential constituent—and Liz turns on that vote-hither smile.

nies, but she'll tell me when my veterans' pension checks arrive that I have enough to buy her a new diamond. I make it quite clear I need the money because I pay all the bills. Neither of us can believe we are so good with each other."

The Warner who seems to have saved his Liz at 45 (Feb. 27) is no kin to the famed Hollywood Brothers and their ilk responsible for her previous incarnation. A Virginian for generations, John, 49, is Episcopalian, Republican, clubby, a U. Va. lawyer, a veteran of World War II and Korea. Even friends, when pressed about his personality, draw boxes in the air. Warner is not a monied playboy, though after his 16-year marriage to heiress Catherine Mellon busted, he made the Washington circuit with both of the Super-Barbaras, Walters and Howar. Professionally, no one has called him derelict in duty—detractors say rather that he can be dully compulsive.

Appointments as Secretary of the Navy and then director of the Bicentennial Administration were rewards for dogged loyalty to Richard Nixon. Warner's new wife, by contrast, was enchanted by Carter. But whether or not Warner runs in Virginia for lieutenant governor this year or for a U.S. Senate seat in '78, he has the support of his nonvoting delegate—though she admits, "I couldn't vote for him anyway. I'm still a British citizen." She adds: "We've made a deal to go everywhere together. He can make me do whatever he wants—except make me pregnant. I don't have the tubes." "We're going to find a way around that problem too," Warner laughs, with a well-placed pinch. "You don't own me like your cattle," Liz spars. "Oh yes I do," says John. "I'm a Virginia farmer to the hilt—you're my property!"

Their canvassing in the Virginia hinterlands seemed to make John's point. He and Liz were driven through Marion, Va. in the town's only limo—on loan from a local funeral parlor. ("When we have a distinguished guest," crowed Mayor W. W. Scott unselfconsciously, "we like to go all out and shoot the works!") At a lunch in their honor, Liz did a double take at the table decorations—"official" Elizabeth Taylor dolls. "They're illegal," she protested. "Who cares?" wondered John, the country courtier. "Liz is the real living doll." Weather grounded planes two days later, so they boarded a beat-up bus like just-folks for the two-hour ride to Richmond ("Why not?" said Liz. "I never rode one before"). At a benefit gala that night, she was manhandled by autograph and snapshot seekers, bombarded with questions about Richard Burton and finally whisked out muttering, "I just love Virginia, but right now I want to go to the bathroom."

Off the trail, John and Liz are hardly sharecroppers. The great stone Warner manse sits a mile from the front

CONTINUED

Their matchmaker, Lady Frances Ramsbotham, introduces her "perfect" couple at a British embassy reunion in D.C.

Liz jokes about her fickle finger at Richmond's Heart Fund Ball. She raised attendance from last year's 75 to 400.

CONTINUED

gate of their 2,700-acre cattle spread, and the stable holds five horses that Liz will ride again "even if people think I'm accident-prone." Two tennis courts and a pool flank the main house—and concessions are being made to Liz's old life-style: a disco is being installed over the stablehouse, not to mention screening rooms at both Atoka and Warner's elegant townhouse in Georgetown (next door to his ex-wife, so their three kids can shuttle back and forth).

If Taylor's seventh marriage lasts as promised, her claim on superstardom cannot. Today she often does her own marketing in nearby Middleburg (to decidedly mixed reception by both the horsey and redneck social axes in town), and she's committed to charity work, teaching seminars to drama students around the state—and accepting only cameo roles in films. "Life is too short now," she says. "The champagne-and-caviar life is there anytime we want it, but we prefer enjoying ourselves at home alone." At night she lets the household help go and cooks dinner herself. "She'd win first prize in any fried-chicken contest," says John. "Yes, the razzle-dazzle is slowly coming to an end. She's had a troubled life—filled with a lot of bad luck. I'm doing all in my power so she has the best from now on. I promised her I was the man to do it."

Last week Elizabeth was scheduled to fly to L.A. for a role in *Winter Kills* without dialogue. It was their first separation since marriage—and "We agreed to talk on the phone every night," she says, "until both of us got sleepy." This week Warner will accompany her to Harvard, where she will be crowned the Hasty Pudding woman of the year. "I might take a crack at directing," she says. "I'd be just like Barbra Streisand—I'd want involvement with everything. It's the one dream left." But she's finished with being "hounded as a celebrity. I never got used to it. In this new life as Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Warner," says Liz, "I'm finding the peace and tranquillity I need. I've finally come to earth."

ROBIN LEACH

John gets an earful from Lynda Bird Johnson Robb, whose husband, Chuck, is himself running for lt. gov. of Virginia.

TICKET

THE AFL-CIO'S GEORGE MEANY ENJOYS SIGNING TWO THINGS: A GOOD CONTRACT AND ONE OF HIS OWN PAINTINGS

My daughter gave me one of those little things that you paint by the numbers. I painted a couple of them and I liked it, and I thought if I'm going to paint I'm going to paint from life." Thus, 21 years ago, began a part-time pursuit of AFL-CIO chief George Meany that since has served as his chief tranquilizer and only therapy. Twenty-seven of his works are now on display at the George Meany Center for Labor Studies in Silver Spring, Md.

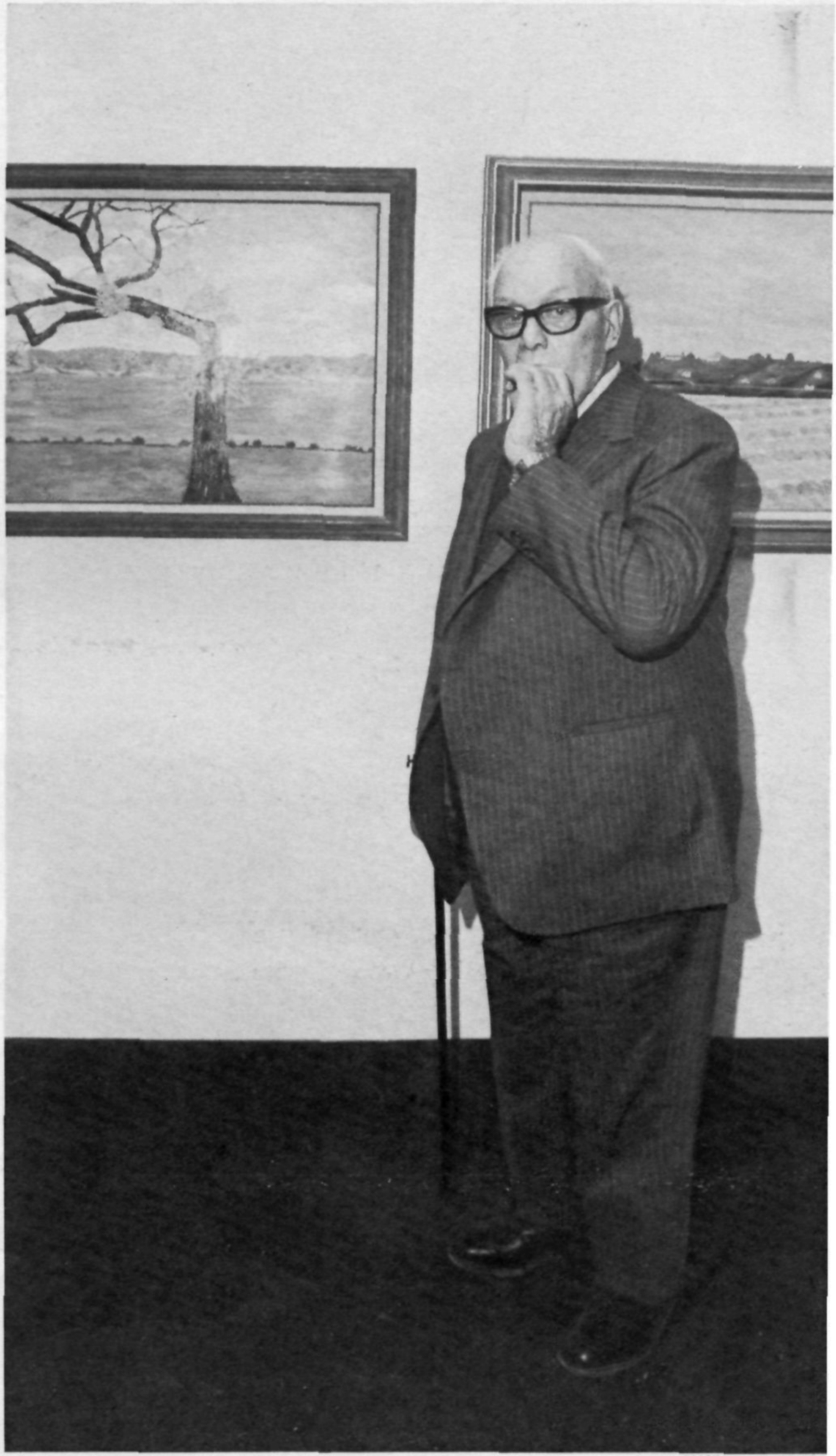
"When I'm painting I have no idea of time," says Meany of art's soothing effect on his sometimes gritty temper. "I don't even smoke my cigar, so it keeps going out. I light it and it goes out again, so I throw it away."

Meany paints his oils and a few "what do you call it, acrylics" from postcards, newspaper pictures and his own photographs. He has also essayed a couple of abstractions. "One came from a doodle I made at a meeting," he says. "The other just came from my imagination."

Meany never sells his paintings; 12 at the show are his and the rest were loaned by friends to whom he gave them as gifts. He makes his own frames and stretches his own canvases at his home in Bethesda, Md. He paints mostly at night—"for an hour before I go to bed." Unfortunately, he has had to suspend his hobby since he had a cataract operation last December, but he says, "I'm going to get a new eye in me one of these days. I'm going to get a new glimmer in there and I'll be painting again."

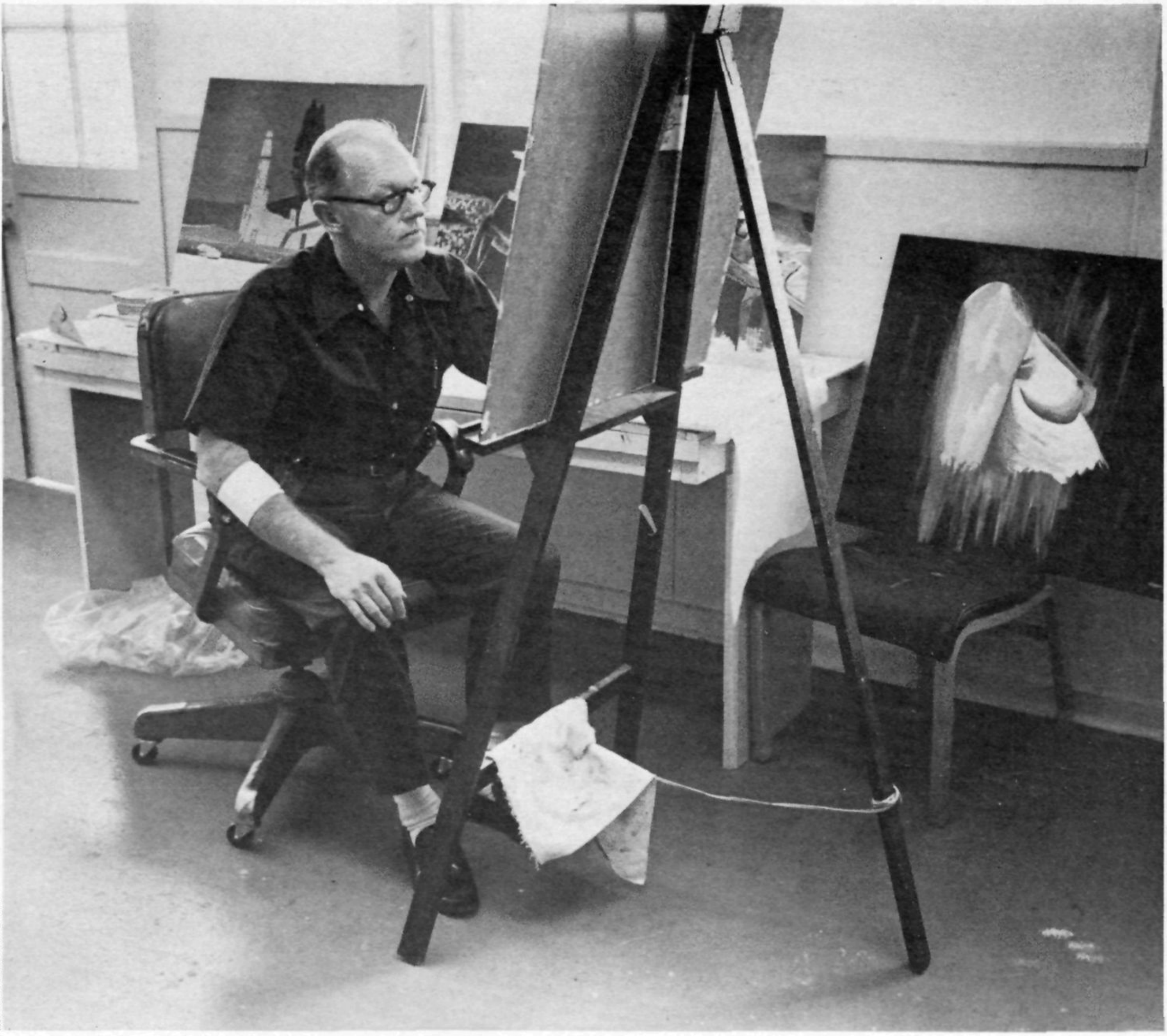
When he does, the 82-year-old Meany will presumably continue to sign his daubings with a precise G.M.

"It stands," explains Meany, "for Grandma Moses." ☐



Meany visits his show in a Washington suburb. "It's the most relaxing thing you can do," he says. "It's wonderful therapy."

RODDY E. MIMES/TIME



MICHALE BRENNAN/SYGMA

Hunt works on a painting in the prison arts-and-crafts room. Among the artists he admires: Van Gogh, Renoir, Rembrandt.

IN PRISON, HOWARD HUNT SWITCHES HIS 'CREATIVE URGE' FROM SPY NOVELS TO ART

E. Howard Hunt, 58, signs his paintings with his initials in bold, vertical strokes. The effect is much like prison bars, which is no coincidence —all 35 of Hunt's art works have been done in custody at Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.

Hunt, chief of the plumbers unit that engineered the Watergate break-in, has been held in the minimum-security facility for the past 22 months. Because he is due to be released Feb. 25, Hunt has been painting daily to finish a last batch of pictures. His works are representational acrylics and watercolors. "I learn something from each effort," the prolific spy novelist wrote his daughter, Lisa Hunt Kyle, "which isn't surprising since I started with zero talent and zero knowledge. Anyway, it serves as a substitute channel for my creative urge."

A scene of a Mexican beach that he painted "*con amore*" has gone to Lisa to hang in the bedroom of his new grandson, Tearlache, 6 months. Another painting, of a sword plunged in the bloody sand on the Bay of Pigs, will be auctioned off for the benefit of the family of Juan José Peruyero, a recently slain Cuban exile leader. The rest of Hunt's output will be placed on sale in a gallery in Miami and possibly New York. "In a very real way," he says, "these paintings express my hopes and despairs while I was in prison." ☐

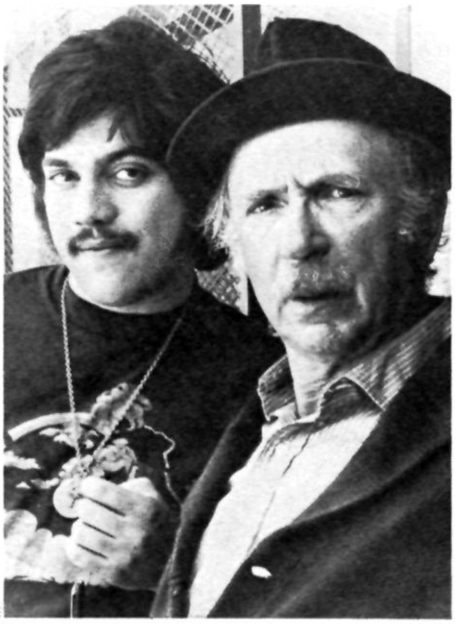
A PSYCHOLOGIST DISCOVERED IN FREDDIE PRINZE'S BOYHOOD THE MOODS THAT FINALLY KILLED HIM

To his grieving family and friends and to the public that shared in his laughter, comedian Freddie Prinze seemed to have everything to live for. Only 22, the son of a Puerto Rican mother and a Hungarian father, he was the star of the NBC-TV comedy series Chico and the Man, *father of a 10-month-old son, and an inspiration to countless young comics. Then late last month Prinze shot himself to death in his Los Angeles hotel suite. A brooding, deeply troubled performer, he had been haunted by the breakup of his marriage. In 1974, shortly before* Chico *became a big hit, Prinze talked with startling candor about his early life in New York to psychologist Sam Janus (page 60), who is writing a book on comedians titled* No Laughing Matter. *Some of Janus' lengthy interview with Prinze follows.*

When I was little I was always getting hit. Kids would take my hat and throw it around, and it upset me. So I got to be very revengeful. One day this guy threw my hat and I just went straight at him—grabbed him and punched the life out of him. He was crying and I was in a rage, and I just kept hitting him. They got me off him and they said, "What is he, crazy?" If you were big, they would still mess with you, but if you were "crazy" they knew you would stop at nothing and they didn't bother you after that.

I never really dug violence, but like I told my mother, "Ma, you don't understand! I can't survive without it out there." I was mugged when I was 12. I had a portable radio, and I ran into this building and these two guys came in and hit me, busted me up and took the radio. After that I was very paranoid and I started taking kung fu and karate. But I didn't want to fight.

My mother always wanted the best for me, so she sent me to this little private school across the street from where we lived. I always did well. I mean, I had A's all the time. I learned how to write before anybody, and I was a dynamite reader. In fourth grade I had a high school reading level, but I didn't want to go to school and I didn't feel I belonged there.



Jack Albertson, who played 'The Man' to Prinze's 'Chico,' recalls that his young co-star said he didn't expect to reach 30.

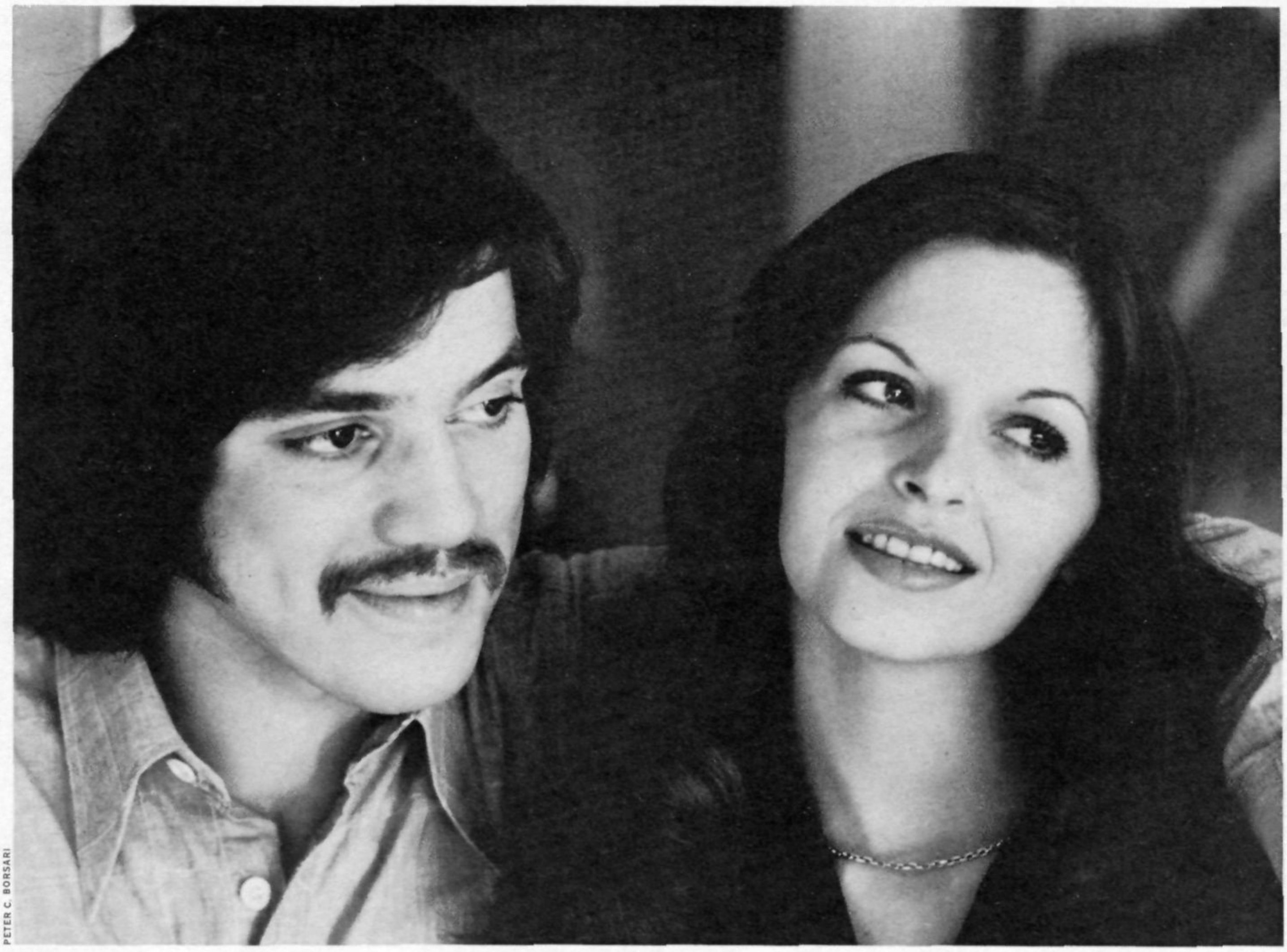
I played a lot by myself. Sometimes my father would take me out and he would sit in the park and watch me bat balls. My mother used to say to him, "You should be a father to the kid," but he was old by then—he was 40 when I was born—and he was never into sports at all.

I remember a dream that used to keep coming back to me in my childhood. I would be in the hallway outside my apartment, ringing the doorbell, and they wouldn't let me in. But in the dream there was a guy across the street who looked like Boris Karloff. He was very smart and he'd read a lot of books, and he'd say, "Come on in." His living room was like a movie set, with a big globe and fancy furniture and maps and books. I'd sit there and read, and the man would just sit there in his rocking chair and watch me. He was like the mad doctor, but he was a nice man, and he'd just watch me read.

I think it all started to change when I was about 12. I started playing hooky, and things started going bananas. I was in seventh grade at St. Matthew's. The teachers would tell me, "God loves you," and then whack a ruler across my hand. "Well," I'd say, "if God loves me, can you call God? Can you ask Him if it's all right that I didn't do my homework? If it's not, then let Him hit me."

Then in high school I met my first girlfriend. Like now I got so many girls I say, "Wow, man!" But I wanted them then. I was a sophomore and I met a girl who was a senior, and every day we were on the phone for hours. We had lunch together every day. It was like marriage. But when we got out of school and I hadn't seen her for almost a year, she called me about a party at her cousin's house. I had a white jumpsuit and a black turtleneck, and I thought, "Wow, I'll look great!" But when I told her what I was going to wear, she said, "NO! You can't wear that to my cousin's house!" It wasn't conservative-looking enough. I was enraged, and after that we broke up.

By the end of my junior year I met Laura [not her actual name], who was the last real girlfriend I ever had. We really dug each other. Her mother would let her stay at my house and I would stay at hers. It was like family. We did skits together and had real good times, but I was about 16 years old then and I was heavy into cocaine. Then I started getting really crazy, man. I was dealing grass and I really made bread. Me and my friend had these real fancy clothes—I mean we were *superboys*—but I was always in debt too. I was a movie usher after school, and I'd get about four hours' sleep a night. Well, in December I got sick and went



PETER C. BORSARI

Moody and self-destructive, Prinze found happiness briefly in his 14-month marriage to travel agent Kathy Cochran.

to the hospital. Then in January I woke up and I couldn't hack it anymore. I just flipped out, and I tried to do myself in with pills. I tried to OD on Valium. I just got really sick.

In those days I was getting drunk every night—I mean *every* night—and with the coke and all, I was really blowing my face off. And my comedy routines weren't funny anymore, because I'd do two-hour sets on just what was bugging me. Some of the guys said I wrote some of my most brilliant pieces then, like the "Nixon in Jail" bit. I didn't believe it, and I tried to get back with Laura. One day in school I tried to kiss her and she screamed. I'd call her up and she'd say, "I don't want to talk to you." It was one thing after another. To this day she has stayed in my mind. I must have gone through a hundred different chicks since then, and it will never be the same as it was between her and me. □

PETER C. BORSARI

At Prinze's funeral were his mother, Mary, his Hungarian-born father, Karl (right), and his friend singer Tony Orlando.

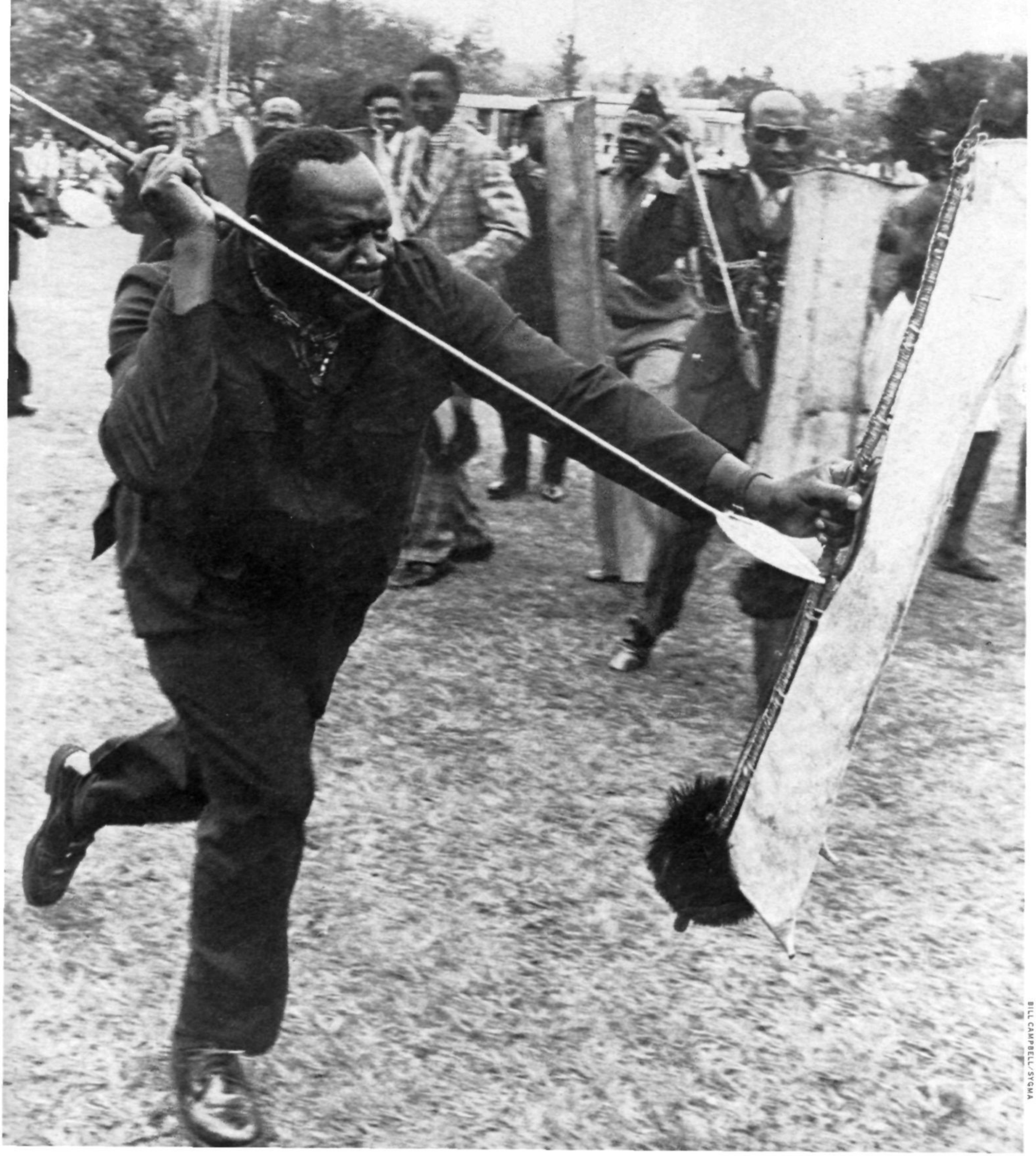
BILL VARIE/LOS ANGELES TIMES

Prinze's estranged wife, Kathy, 26, was led weeping from Forest Lawn cemetery in Los Angeles.

BIG DADDY DEMONSTRATES HOW TO PREPARE A SHISH KEBAB

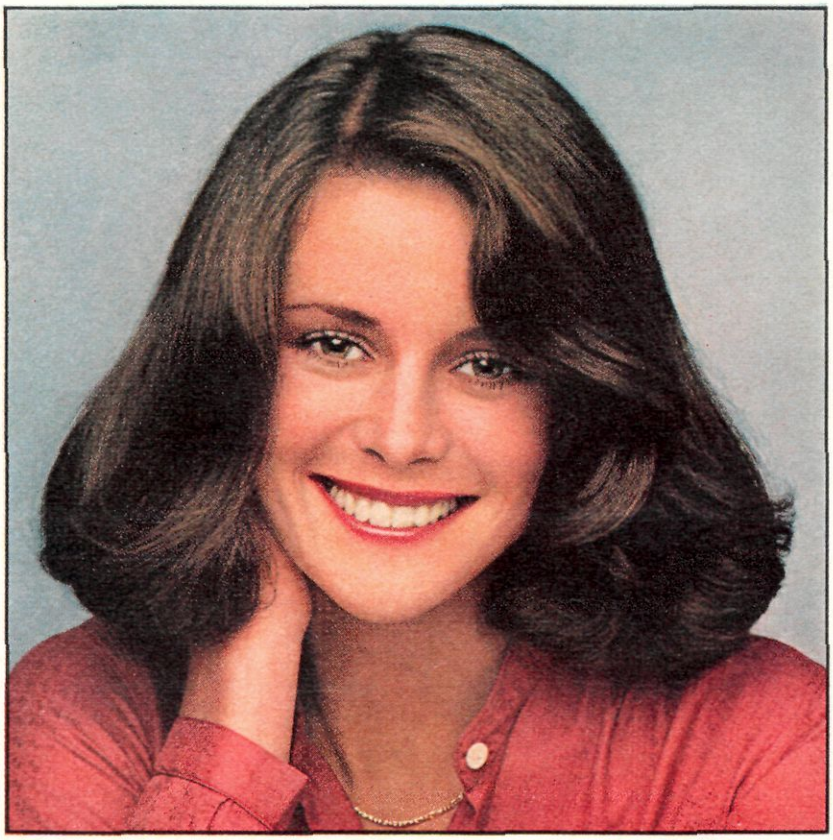
It was not a demonstration of what the Israelis can expect if they ever return to Entebbe. A high-spirited President Idi Amin instead was celebrating the sixth anniversary of the coup that brought him to power in Uganda.

The party was memorable. Kilted Ugandan bagpipers played and, while foreign visitors to Kampala watched goggle-eyed, the 300-pound Amin grabbed a spear and shield and rushed across the parade ground like a warrior in back-country combat. He denounced Zionists for the Entebbe raid last July, but Big Daddy was in a generally festive mood. Part of the fun was handing out 2,000 medals to soldiers, civilians and members of his own vast family. □



BILL CAMPBELL/SYGMA

When is a haircolor not a haircolor?



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Hatchback	4-Speed	$3299	50 (46)	39 (35)
	Hondamatic	$3449	37 (34)	32 (28)
	5-Speed	$3599	54 (51)	41 (34)
Wagon	4-Speed	$3549	41 (37)	30 (28)
	Hondamatic	$3699	32 (32)	27 (25)
Accord CVCC 1600cc				
Hatchback	5-Speed	$4145	48 (47)	38 (33)
	Hondamatic	$4295	31 (32)	26 (25)

FEBRUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUES

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FOR A SONG

BARBARA MANDRELL IS MUSIC'S SNOW WHITE

U.S. AIR FORCE

BILL DAMRON (3)

Country-queen-to-be Barbara Mandrell cloaks herself in mink and morality but is not above elbowing into the macho realm of instrumentals. Her four axes are, from left, pedal steel guitar, electric bass, sax and banjo.

Photographs by Slick Lawson

By the rowdy rules of the country-music road circuit, Barbara Mandrell's act might well bill itself as Snow White and the Five Do-Rites. The Do-Rites is, in fact, what her quintet of sidemen is called, and the title is hard-earned. During their average 200 nights a year on tour, Mandrell bans booze, drugs or groupies on the bus. "I went through many, many musicians," Barbara reports plausibly, "before settling on these five" and before perfecting the show she says "could be put on in Sunday school."

The only females to hitch a ride on the bus are the star's 1-year-old daughter, Jaime, and Grandma Mandrell, who, to preclude any Barbie-doll décolletage, sews most of Barbara's glittery but decorous gowns. Also along as

Ken (with Matthew) keeps house during Barb's tours. They met when he drummed and she played steel in her dad's band.

the hiring-and-firing boss is a no-nonsense former Corpus Christi cop, the headliner's dad, Irby Mandrell. All that aside, Barbara is not some kind of proselytizing, nonprofit nut opposed to worldly success. She has a new hit single, *Midnight Angel*, is uniquely accomplished on four instruments and last year was nominated for top country songstress right there with the Dolly-Tammy-Emmylou winners' circle. She's also just 28.

It's not so simple to pin an age on Mandrell's consciousness level. "When it comes to God, country and family," says Barbara, "I feel like I'm 80 years old." (She had never seen even an R-rated movie until a month ago when the hotel pay-TV played *Once Is Not Enough*.) But when it comes to her business, Mandrell describes herself as "very liberated '70s." This month she'll play possibly the first-ever country tour in Saudi Arabia. "Imagine the men there," she gloats, "when they see five guys walking behind *me*."

Though she said she once "felt like a terrible mother" busing her child around the country, she now insists, "I spend more time with my kids than 9-to-5 working mothers." She notes that she returned to the tour with Jaime when the child was just 17 days—"I think she was the youngest roadie ever." Her other and first child, Matthew, 6, hit the circuit at 6 weeks but is now retired. He lives at the family base in Hendersonville, Tenn. with Barbara's business manager-husband, Ken Dudney, who moonlights as backup pilot of the state governor's Lear jet.

Barbara was no latecomer. She grew up in Texas and California and by age 13 had learned several instruments and packed her schoolbooks to tour with current Hendersonville neighbor Johnny Cash. Peppy and athletically compact at 5′2″, she was a track sprinter and a softball catcher (on the boys' team in junior high) when she wasn't studying or touring. She cut her first LP at the age of 21.

"I admit it. I'm hardworking and ambitious," says Barbara. She is not only a board member of the Country Music Association but also an outspoken leader of ACE, a splinter group that formed in 1974 to protest the mongrelization of pure country by pop stars like Olivia Newton-John and John Denver. The two factions have since made peace, and Mandrell is not entirely the rearguard sanctimonious soul she sometimes sounds like. She is pioneering a pension plan for the Do-Rites, "so these men won't have zero to show for all their years of devotion if I quit at 40."

It should be reported that Mandrell smokes and even quaffs an occasional cocktail, but only off-tour. "If I had to pop a pill or drink every time I went onstage like some, I'd find myself a different livelihood. To get my head together," she adds, "I pray." Are there *no* bumpy moments in her highly disciplined double life? "Well," she smiles, "I get home from the road sometimes, and I have to ask Ken to rock the bed just like the bus, so I can fall off to sleep." JIM JEROME

Jaime's amateur muralist mom believes "in spoiling kids with love and busting their rear ends when they need it."

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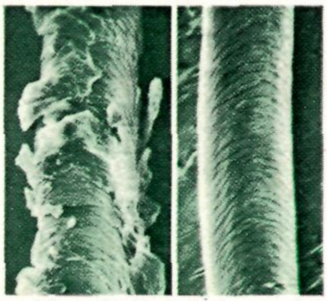

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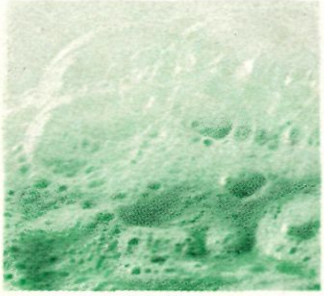

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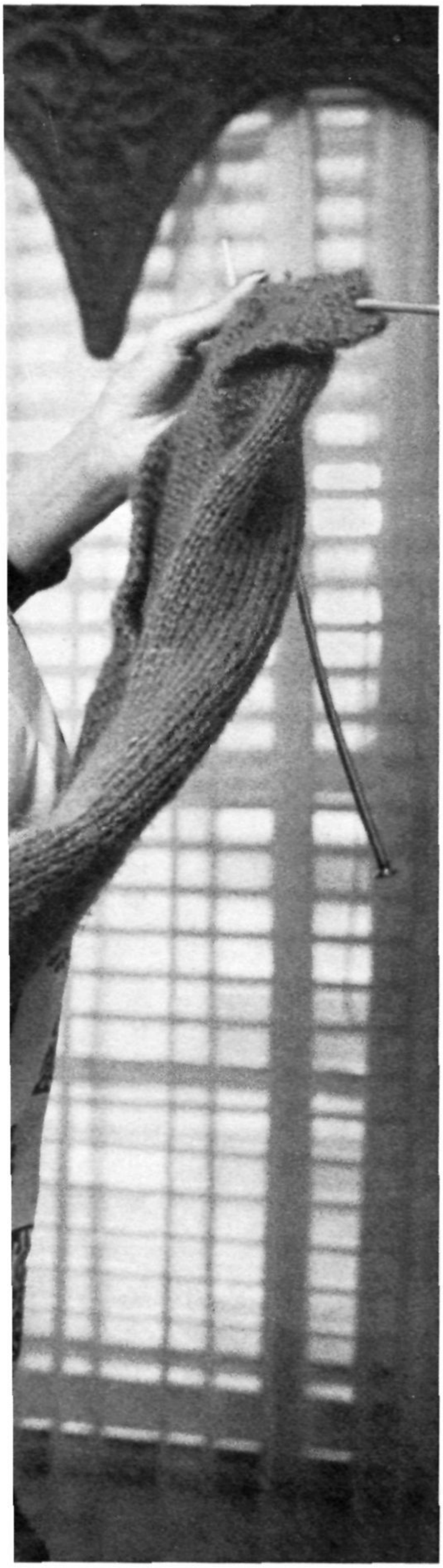
Photographs by Thomas Victor

Partners in an extraordinary romance, Linda says of Burt Pugach: "I don't waste time being bitter about the past."



One of Linda's hobbies is astrology. She's a Pisces and calls Burt "a cautious Taurus." Linda also knits and crochets.

BURT PUGACH PAID A THUG $2,000 TO DISFIGURE THE WOMAN HE LOVED—AND THEN MARRIED HER

June 1959. An affluent, newly divorced New York lawyer, Burt Pugach, 32, pays a thug $2,000 to teach his ex-girlfriend Linda Riss, 22, a lesson on the day after her engagement to another man. The assailant goes to the woman's Bronx apartment and rings the doorbell. He tells her mother he has a gift. As Linda rushes toward him, he splashes her face with lye. It feels like water at first, then like fire. Linda shrieks, "I'm blind! Get a doctor!"

1959-1974. The lye thrower serves 15 years in prison. Burt Pugach is disbarred and does 14 years. His ex-wife remarries. Linda Riss loses her right eye and is legally blind in her left. She remains single; her fiancé broke their engagement soon after the attack.

Postscript, 1974: Linda and Burt marry—each other.

UPI

A prosperous, married high roller in 1957, Burt courted Linda, the girl he called "a dazzler," at New York's Copacabana.

When Linda Pugach called her mother after the civil ceremony, Bertha Riss asked incredulously, "How could you marry that bum?" The two principals in one of the nation's most sensational crimes of passion try to answer such questions in their bizarre book, *A Very Different Love Story*, published this week.

Linda curls up in a chair in their comfortable one-bedroom apartment in Queens, N.Y. and says, "You would have to walk a mile in my shoes to really understand. I went from hating him, to wanting revenge, to fearing what he would do when he got out of prison, to not thinking of him. After he was paroled and didn't bother me, I thought, 'Well, he found somebody else,' and I was jealous."

Linda, now 39, may become totally blind. She needs weekly eye treatments that cost $50 to $75 and she rarely goes out alone. "I can't have an operation [like a cornea transplant] because there is so much wrong with my eye," she says. "It would fall apart on the table." Linda (but not Burt) will share equally with writer Berry Stain-

CONTINUED

back in profits from the book and any subsequent film. "I'm hoping," she says, "that it will give us some sort of financial security."

To Burt the worst part of doing the book was reliving the crime. "I don't know how I ever committed it," he says. "Something drove me to destruction." He was declared insane at the time by several psychiatrists.

In the two years of his marriage to Linda, Burt has won over his fiercest adversary: his mother-in-law. "I now think Linda did the best thing in the world," says Bertha Riss, 75, who paid $30,000 in medical bills for her only child. Bertha, a widow, works in a Manhattan china repair shop. "Burt changed like night and day," she says. "What happiness can a girl have who can't see—who would want her? He could have gone and married another girl. He was a gentleman."

It was, in fact, Linda's fear that "some other girl was going to grab him up" that persuaded her to accept Burt's proposal. He first asked her to marry him shortly after his release from Attica prison, on a New York TV news show. His parole board had forbidden him to see Linda, but he kept in touch with her, mainly through her attorney. The Pugaches, who seem to be happily married (Linda: "We're typical, normal, average"), are now campaigning to get Burt's law license back. "This act occurred almost 20 years ago," says Pugach. "Society is punishing my wife by denying me my license."

Linda turned to oil painting after the lye attack. She has done landscapes, greeting cards and a wall mural.

Burt, now 49, has to work 60 to 70 hours a week as a paralegal assistant for several law firms to earn a middle-class living. Born in the Bronx to a lower-middle-class couple, he graduated from Brooklyn Law School *cum laude* in 1950 and built up a $70,000-a-year practice. He married a schoolteacher in 1951, had a retarded daughter and began playing around. ("I had dozens of girlfriends before Linda, but I've reformed," says Burt.) He met Linda, a receptionist, in a Bronx park in 1957. For a year Burt conned her into believing he was suing for divorce. He finally got one, but it was too late. When Linda rejected him and became engaged to another man, Pugach decided "to put her in a condition where nobody would want her." After she recovered from the burns Linda dated a string of men, but friends say her life was lonely. Working as a receptionist, she came home to a small studio and because of her vision was unusually dependent on the kindness of others.

She is still insecure and shy and dreads the prospect of the TV interviews that publication of her book will require. "I don't know what I'll say to them," she gasps. She stays a trim 130 pounds; her skin is clear (except for a small hairline scar from the attack), and she wears wigs to avoid "living in beauty parlors."

At home the Pugaches have a cleaning woman, but, says Linda, "Burt has to do a lot of the other work," including shopping and neighborhood errands. They go out usually once a week with friends. "Linda and Burt live for each other," says Linda's chum Rita Kessler. "They would both like to undo whatever damage they can."

While discussing their ordeal, Burt watches Linda go into the bathroom to put drops in her eye. "It's amazing," he says quietly, "absolutely *amazing*, how she stood up under this. She's the most courageous person I've ever met in my life. And she's always bubbling. I guess she always was. That's why I fell in love with her."

MARY VESPA

Burt took up weight lifting in Attica and can hoist 200 pounds. "Some women neighbors," says Linda, "run after him."

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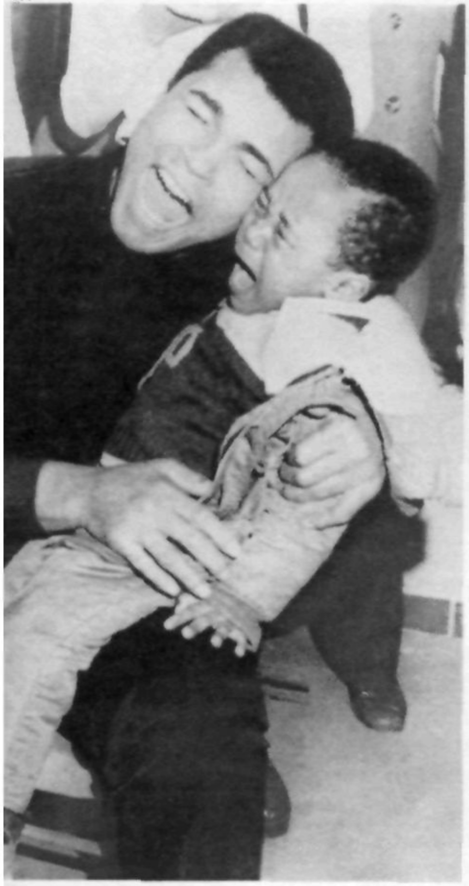
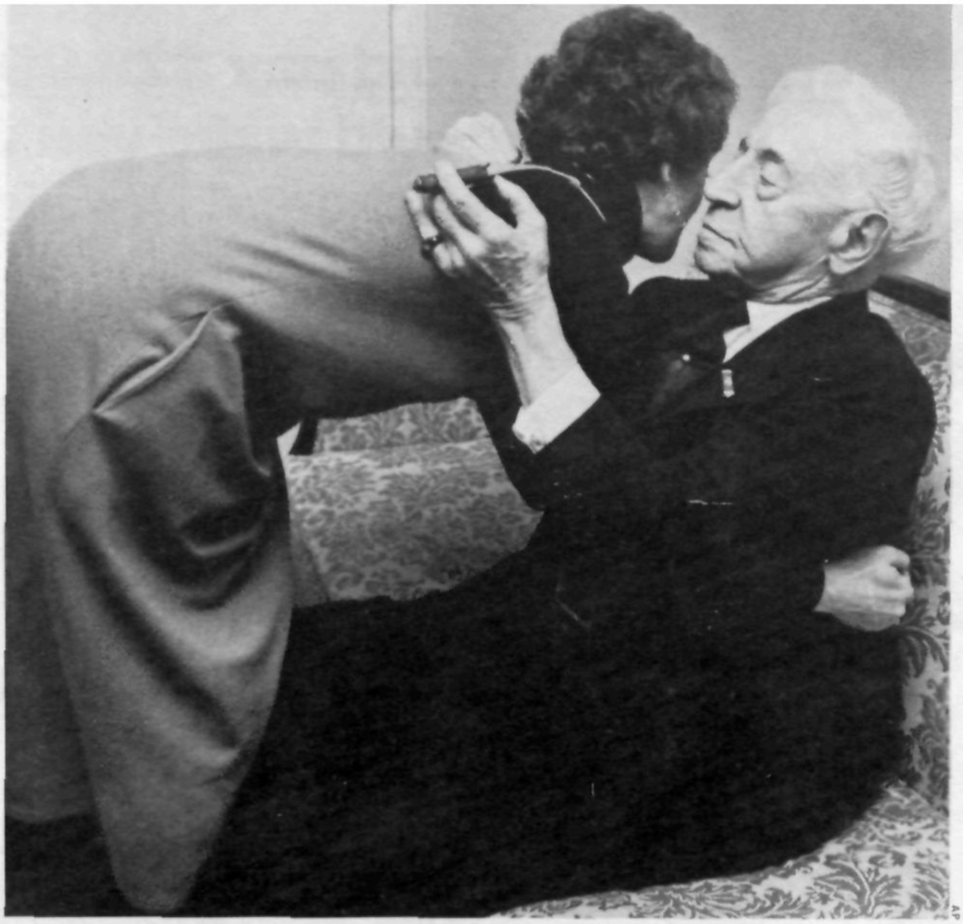
STAR TRACKS

UPI



Don't cry, champ∧

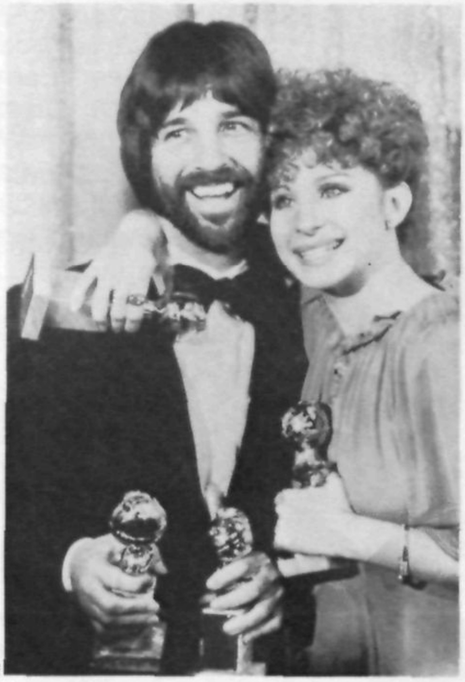
It was Muhammad Ali Day as the champ toured Boston, including a children's carnival in Hynes Auditorium. When Ali spotted 2-year-old Anwar Bolder not having a good time, he hoisted the toddler on his knee and joined in the caterwauling. Later Ali did what he came to Boston for—trading marshmallows with six opponents in exhibition bouts to raise money for the Elma Lewis School of Fine Arts. "It would be a terrible thing to see this place fall apart," the champ said of the nearly all-black school, "and I'd feel guilty if I didn't do nothing to help out."



AP

Rubinstein at 90∧

Clutching a cigar between those famous fingers, pianist Arthur Rubinstein received a kiss from his daughter, Eva, on his 90th birthday. The Polish-born maestro, who lives in Paris, celebrated the occasion in New York, where he made his debut at Carnegie Hall a mere 71 years ago. Content to mark the date with a quiet family gathering in his hotel suite, Rubinstein reflected, "Sometimes I feel ashamed to be alive. Mozart died at 35, Schubert at 31. And I stick around like a mad old piano banger. Why me? I don't know. But I thank God."



AP

Barbra's baby scores<

Despite mixed reviews, Barbra Streisand's baby *A Star Is Born* came out a clear winner in this year's Golden Globe Awards in Hollywood (given by the foreign press). With a little help from her friend, producer Jon Peters, Streisand walked off with three statuettes in the musical and comedy category, and a fourth went to co-star Kris Kristofferson. Peters had the last word. "My ultimate ambition is to own—not run—a studio and to work with many creative people and make a lot of movies," says the man who gave Streisand the frizzies. "Funny, isn't it. I can remember when my biggest ambition was to own a Beverly Hills beauty salon."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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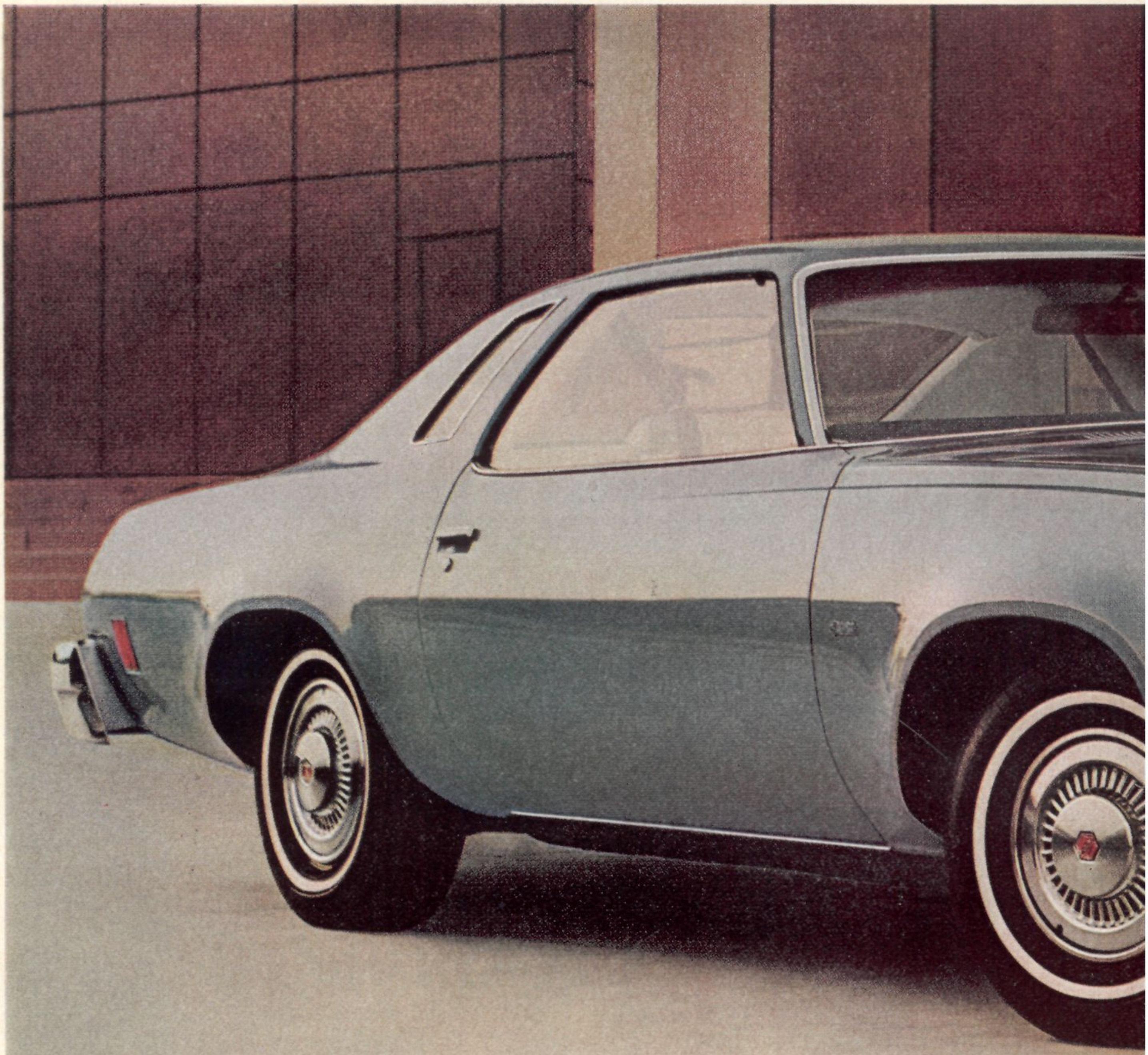

Mid-size Chevelle: At $3885 its base price is

That beautiful, sleek, gleaming Chevelle Malibu Coupe you see above, with the coach window in a formal roofline, the fiber-glass radial tires and the dozens of other standards that make it such a complete mid-size, is actually priced below 34 Six and V8 American compact models.

That's based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices. (In California, where Chevelle prices are higher, the Malibu Coupe is priced below 26 American compact models.)

$3,885 is the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for the Chevelle Malibu Coupe Six

GM
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Malibu

lower than 34 American compact models.

including dealer preparation. Tax, license, destination charges and available equipment, like white stripe tires at $41 and full wheel covers at $33 (shown), are additional.

Chevelle gas mileage is impressive, too. 25 mpg highway and 18 mpg city are the EPA estimates with standard Six and manual transmission. The mileage you get will vary depending on your type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and available equipment. In California EPA figures are lower.

The Chevelle Malibu Coupe. It's more car, more room but not more money than many American compact models.

Smart, complete, mid-size Chevelle.

Chevrolet

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Salem Lights now come in a new longer length.

**Longs smokers.
Now you can enjoy a
low tar cigarette with
Salem taste, too.**

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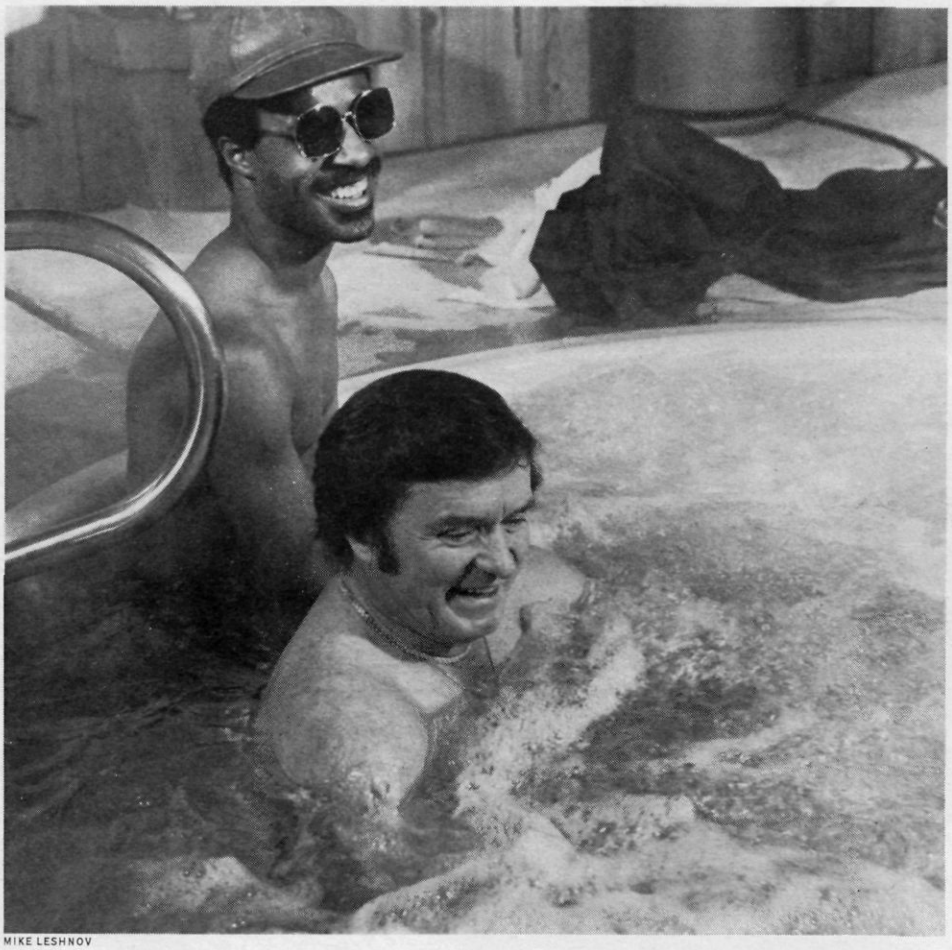
Wonder in the tub∨

"That's Stevie's way of relaxing," explains nationally syndicated talk show host Mike Douglas, on why he interviewed singer Stevie Wonder in a 100-degree-plus whirlpool bath. Douglas and Wonder spent about a half hour in the tub together on the terrace of Stevie's posh Los Angeles apartment. (Don't they know there's an energy shortage on?) Adds Douglas, "I told him I'd interview him on a trapeze if that's what he wanted." Douglas survived the dunking only slightly shriveled, and the show will be broadcast in February. Says Douglas: "He is a wonder. He really is."



MIKE LESHNOV

PHILIPPE LEDRU/SYGMA

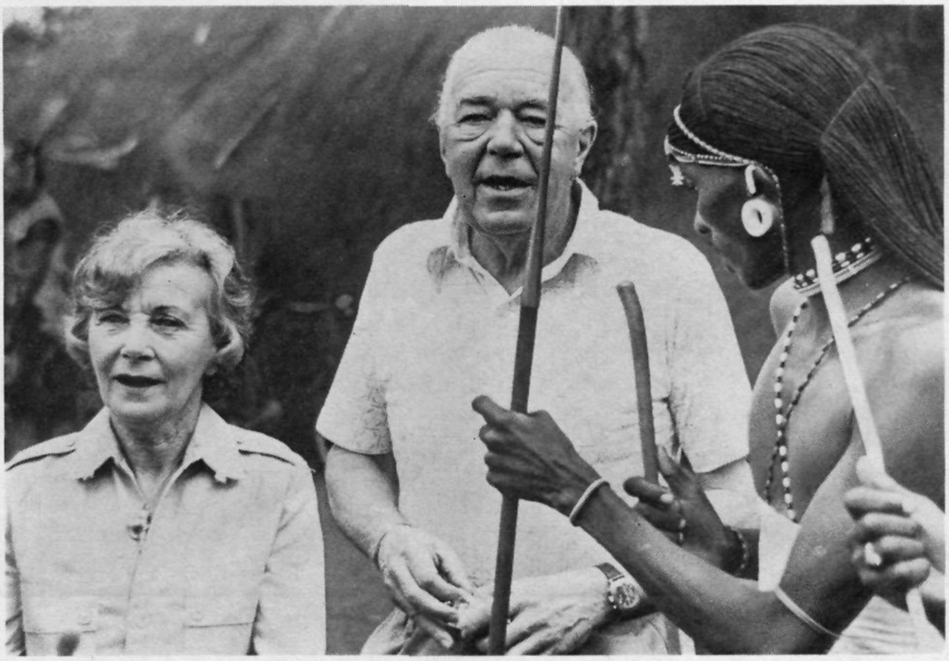
Crossing tracks∧

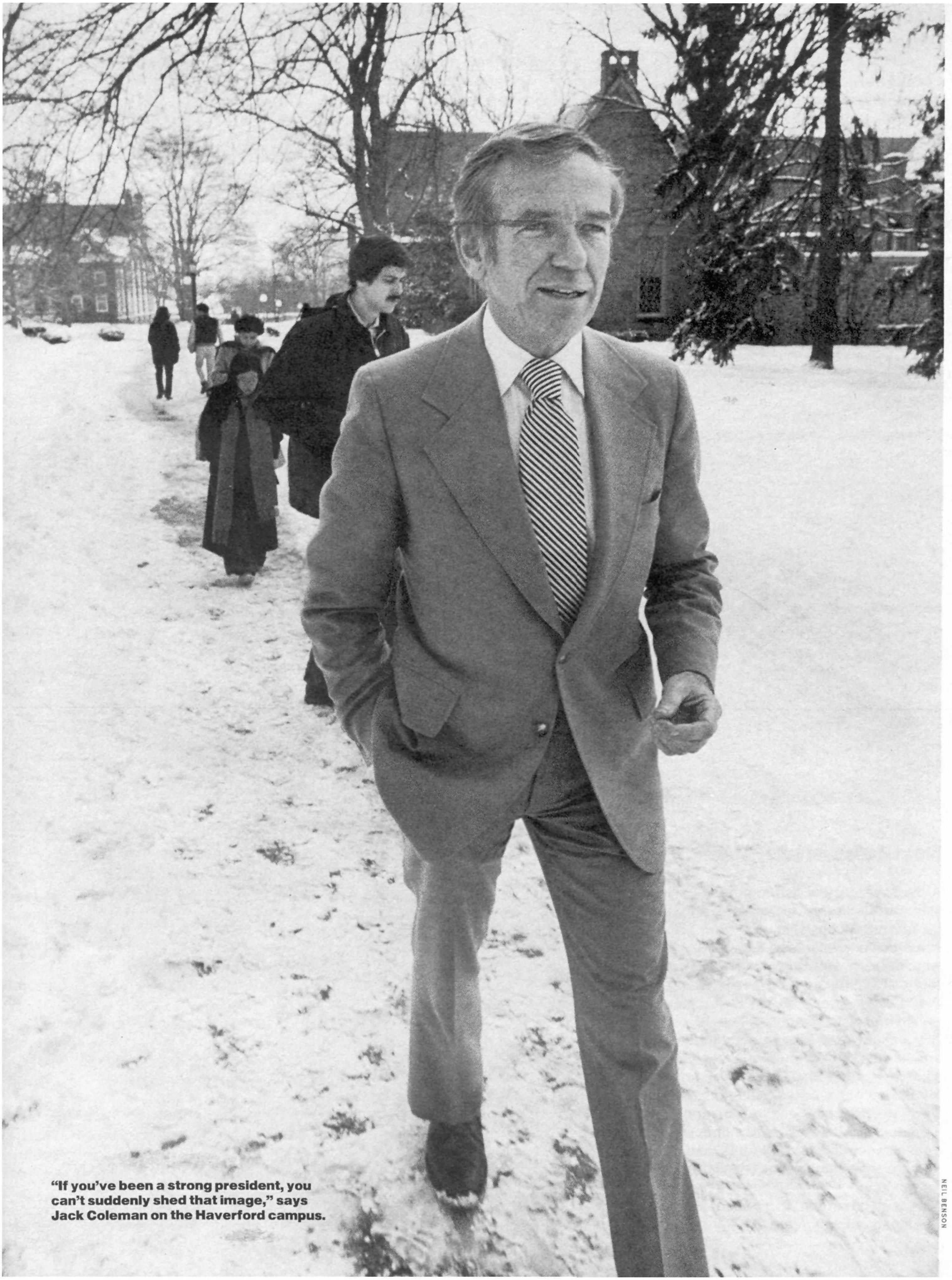
For those who like chills with thrills, the *place to be was the French ski resort* at Avoriaz. It was not the trails, but the five-day horror-and-science-fiction festival that drew director Roman Polanski. While snowplowing along, whom should he cross tracks with but Sissy Spacek, 27, the spunky star of the scary *Carrie*, which made off with the festival's grand prize. So what's with Roman and Sissy? A rousing snowball fight seems to have said it all.

Bertil and bride>

After 33 years of constant companionship, Sweden's Prince Bertil, 64, and his bride, Princess Lilian, 61, were at last off on a honeymoon—and what better than a royal safari? Although they met and fell in love during World War II, Prince Bertil was forbidden to marry British-born Lilian Craig because she was a commoner and he was in the line of royal succession. Now, with young Carl XVI Gustaf on the throne and married himself to a German commoner, the long arrangement is over. The newlyweds cheered native dancers outside Nairobi, and then, to prove love conquers all, the new princess entered a cage to pet two orphaned cheetahs. The prince wisely remained outside.

CAMERA PIX





“If you’ve been a strong president, you can’t suddenly shed that image,” says Jack Coleman on the Haverford campus.

NEIL BENSON

IN

TROUBLE

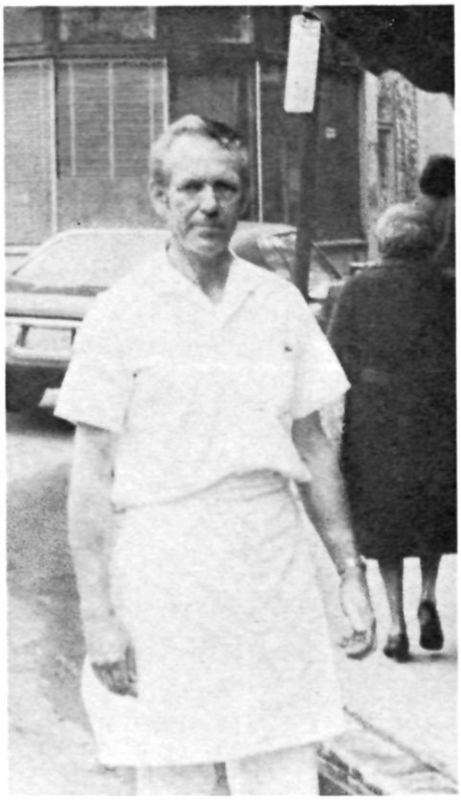
A PART-TIME GARBAGE MAN FINDS HIMSELF OUT AS PRESIDENT OF HAVERFORD COLLEGE

The moonlighting Coleman totes that trash, lifts that can while toiling as a refuse collector in Rockville, Md. in 1973.

Jack Coleman was a "people's president" long before Jimmy Carter. Though never a peanut farmer, Coleman has worked as a ditchdigger, dishwasher, short-order cook, uranium field roughneck and laborer in a marble-crushing plant. Coleman is proudest of his skills on a garbage truck. "I'm a very good trashman, if that's not too immodest a claim," he says.

In his more formal incarnation, John Royston Coleman, 55, is a Ph.D. in economics, an ex-lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy and a former executive of the Ford Foundation. He is also chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia and president of Haverford College in suburban Philadelphia—a job, however, that he will hold for only a few more months.

Jack Coleman's specialty is labor economics. In 1973 he began doing manual labor during vacations as a way of keeping in touch with workingmen. Out of it came a book, *Blue-Collar Journal*, which helped turn him into a folk hero on the campus he has governed for 10 years.



In 1973 Coleman's colleagues at a Boston eatery were unaware that their short-order cook was a college president.

The issue which is forcing his departure is whether Haverford, a small (enrollment: 830), selective, all-male institution, should go coed. To Coleman, "the unique opportunities of Haverford should be available to anyone of motivation, ability and character." That means women too.

The problem is that Haverford is already faintly coed. About a mile away is Bryn Mawr, a distinguished women's college. Despite separate administrations, faculties and student bodies, the two Quaker schools have long maintained familylike bonds. Scholars from one school can take courses at the other, and 150 visiting students are housed in coed dorms on both campuses.

Bryn Mawr—fearing a drop in enrollment—responded to Coleman's proposal with icy lack of enthusiasm. Coleman says he was attacked as a grandstander for his pick-and-shovel sabbaticals. "The place where I'm most easily hurt is when somebody questions my integrity," he says. "I don't claim to be a great educational innovator, but I do claim to be somebody who believes the heart and the head are both important."

Ultimately, Haverford's Board of Managers did not back its president. Coleman felt he had to resign—"I was the lightning rod," he says. When Coleman announced he would quit in June, faculty and students, many in tears, gave him a three-minute ovation.

Born in Copper Cliff, Ont. of working-class parents, Coleman became a U.S. citizen in 1954. He earned a doctorate at the University of Chicago and gained a reputation as a liberal economist popular with students.

He has been married twice, the first ending in divorce after 23 years ("I became increasingly independent and less in need of a wife") and the second after only nine months ("brief and very painful"). Of his five children—ranging in age from 17 to 27—two live with him on the Haverford campus.

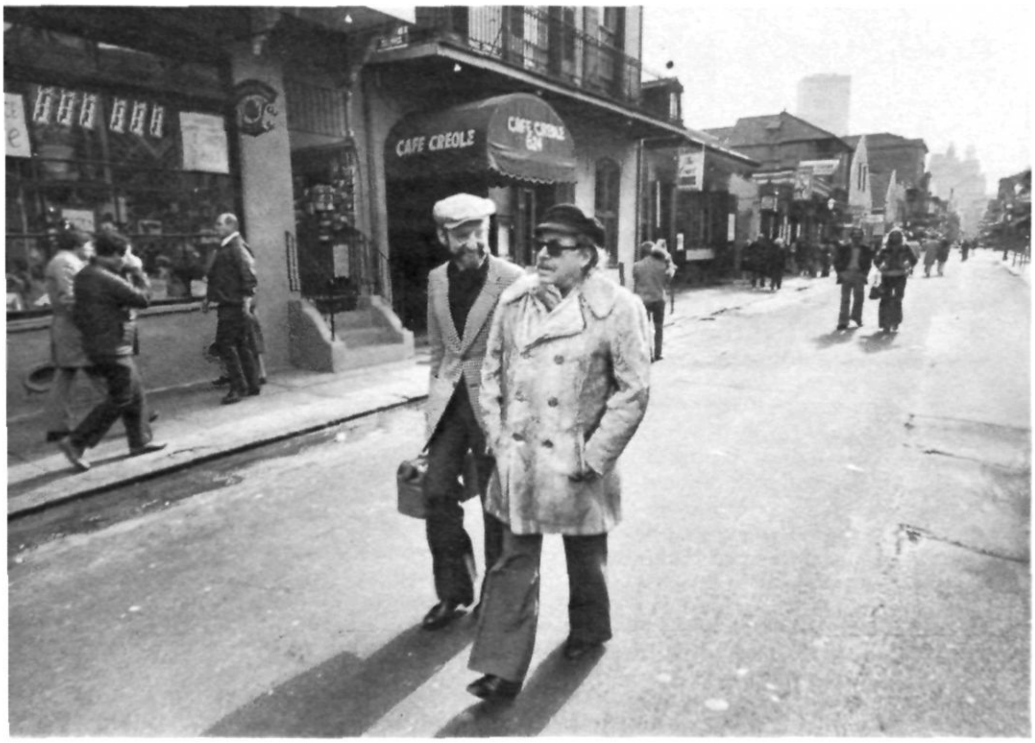
Reserved and soft-spoken, Jack Coleman—he prefers being called "Jack" even by his students—often assumes a false identity for his vacation jobs. While working as a garbage man, he recalls, "My boss told my fellow-workers I was an embezzler out on parole. Later I asked him why an embezzler, why not something exciting, like a rapist? And he said, 'You don't look like a rapist'—surely the most ambiguous compliment I've ever had."

Next month Coleman will have another go at trash collecting in an unnamed big city. After June, his plans are vague. The Haverford experience has clearly wounded him, but he remains philosophical. "I loved, I lost," he says, "but by God, I loved!"

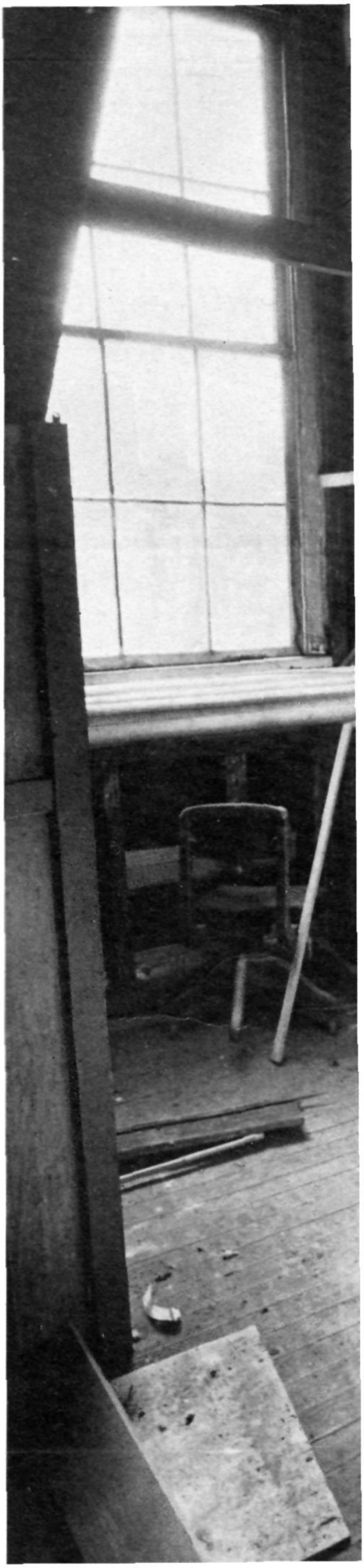
GREG WALTER

ON STAGE

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS STALKS THE SWEET BIRD OF HIS YOUTH IN NEW ORLEANS



Thomas Wolfe couldn't go home again, but Tennessee Williams joyfully tours his old French Quarter turf with director Arthur Seidelman.

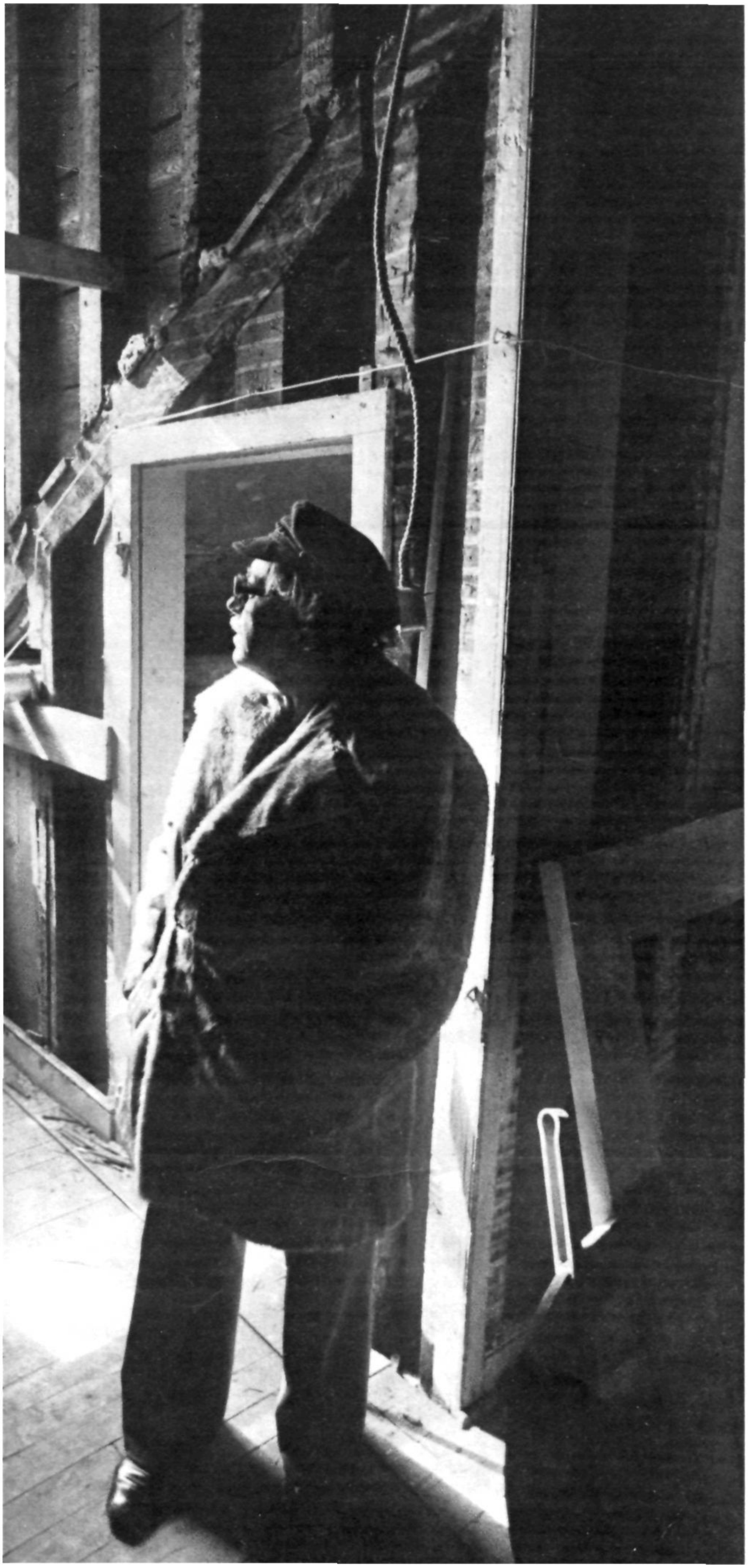


During the current season, America's preeminent living playwright has seemingly celebrated more revivals than Billy Graham. But, sadly, Tennessee Williams, 65, has not created an original Broadway hit since *Night of the Iguana* back in 1961.

So, perhaps to change his luck, Williams split with his sometime producer David Merrick and set his 29th play, *Vieux Carré*, back where it all began in 1939. In New Orleans, Tennessee "first came out" as a homosexual and wrote much of his most distinguished work. The only hangup was that Arthur Seidelman, 38, the director on the newly anointed production team, was a New Yorker who had never seen New Orleans. To imbue him with the ambience, Williams invited Seidelman down for a sentimental, scene-setting visit before the start of rehearsals next week.

Trudging up the rickety stairs to his former garret (now part of a local museum), the playwright looked with dismay on the gutted room "where I wrote *American Blues* and was working on a play about D. H. Lawrence. *Streetcar* and *Summer and Smoke*," he added, "were written just down the street." Next stop was Pirate's Alley, where his friend William Faulkner had lived. Then playwright and director settled in for a glass of wine at a restaurant near where Williams had supported himself as a waiter. "Half an hour before lunchtime, I went down in front of the courthouse and passed out cards. The name of the place," Tennessee recounts, "was Meals for a Quarter in the Quarter, and that's what we served."

To Seidelman the scene was "completely unique, part French, part Mexican, part Southern, quite decadent." "It's a very tolerant place," observed Williams. "And how could it be otherwise? It's in love with life." □



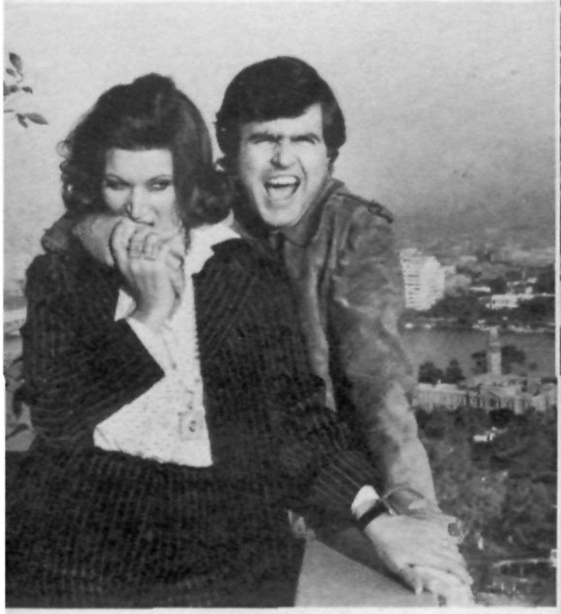
"New Orleans has a special nostalgia for me," Williams muses in the gutted garret room he rented in 1939. During his early writing years, "I restricted myself to just one drink a week as a matter of discipline."

Williams apotheosizes Bourbon Street's Court of the Two Sisters restaurant (above) in his new play. "I remember having Christmas dinner in this courtyard in my shirtsleeves."

Photographs by Christopher R. Harris

COUPLES

NAGWA FOUAD FINDS THE WAY TO HER MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HER, NOT HIS, TALENTED TUMMY



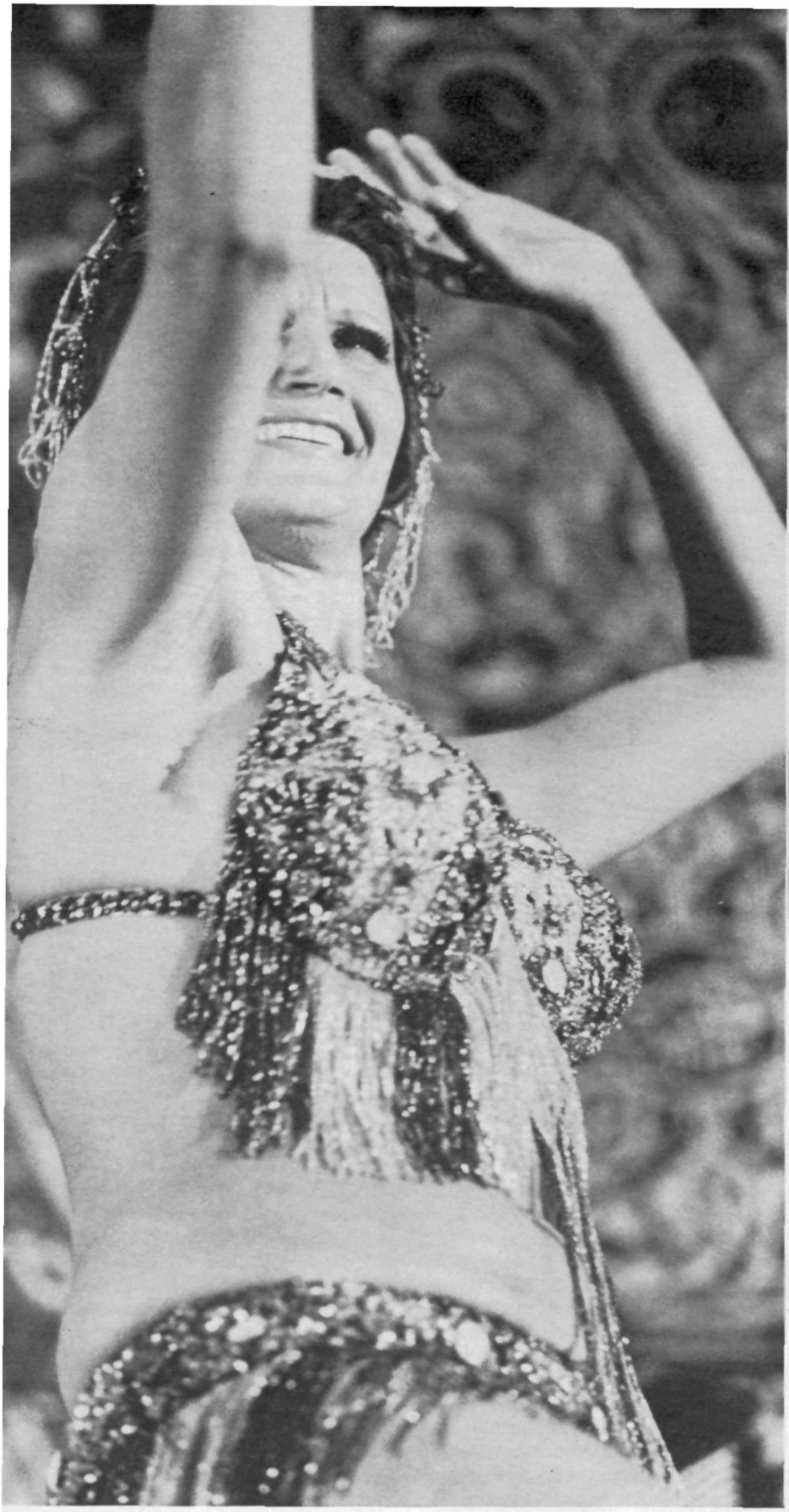
Nagwa Fouad bites the hand that feeds her on a balcony at the Cairo Sheraton. Husband Sami Zoghbi is also her boss.

When sophisticated Arabs, their *gallibiya* pockets stuffed with petrodollars, hanker for something more exotic than sand and oil, they head these days for their favorite Middle Eastern vacation spot, Cairo. In the Egyptian capital, the Cairo Sheraton has emerged as the place to stay, thanks largely to aggressive merchandising by its Lebanese manager, Sami Zoghbi. His hotel's popularity has little to do with the closeness of the Pyramids eight miles southwest and much to do with an attraction only a few floors away—the famed belly dancer Nagwa Fouad, who happens also to be Zoghbi's wife. Together they make up one of the Arab world's most unusual couples.

Nagwa is no mere belly dancer. She is the Martha Graham of the art, for 10 years queen among the thousands of belly dancers in the eastern Mediterranean and a star of more than 100 Egyptian movies. Nagwa's presence has become as traditional at affairs of state in Cairo as the Marine Band in Washington. Last month she undulated at the wedding of President Anwar Sadat's daughter, and she has mesmerized such world leaders as Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France and former President Richard Nixon, who invited her to perform at the White House (she declined graciously).

Nagwa has turned down all efforts to lure her away from Cairo, where both she and Sami, Egyptian area manager for Sheraton hotels, are riding an Arab tourist boom. Nagwa packs them into the nightclub atop the 25-story Cairo Sheraton, after which they wander off to the legalized hotel casino. The 400-room Sheraton maintains a year-round occupancy rate of 98 percent (the Saudi royal family often books six floors) and is one reason tourism is the single healthy area of Egypt's troubled economy.

Nagwa, who says she is 34, performs her self-choreographed dances twice a night in shimmering homemade silk costumes, backed by her own vocalists, a 33-piece orchestra and an occasional flame swallower. Though she has a worldwide following —the Shah of Iran's wife was so



Belly dancer Nagwa's shimmies have captivated presidents and kings, but her favorite haunt is Sami's rooftop nightclub.

Her dances and his Western business acumen are helping Cairo replace Beirut as the Las Vegas of the Middle East.

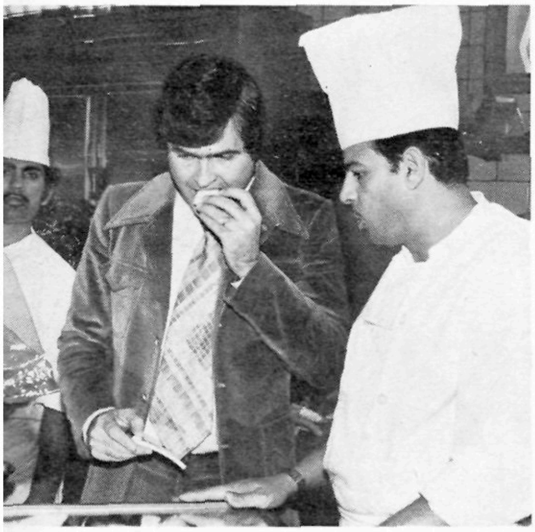
Photographs by John O. Riddle

impressed that she gave the dancer a gold bracelet—Nagwa looks to Sami as her most constant professional admirer. "I find it relaxing," says Sami, 39, of his wife's spine-bending gyrations. "To watch, of course. Not to do."

That Nagwa and Sami are married at all is astonishing in tradition-ruled Arab society, where belly dancers are not considered proper partners for young business executives. "I had to think about my parents, friends, the people I worked with," Sami recalls of his decision. "But in the end I've always made my mind up for myself." To make the match even less likely, it cuts across cultural barriers as well.

Sami is not Egyptian but the patrician son of a Lebanese hotel-owning

Nagwa upstages two lesser Egyptian landmarks while filming her new TV series. She's also made 100 movies.



A perfectionist, Sami tastes pastries in his hotel's kitchen. With tourism booming despite a weak economy, he's building four more Sheratons and a hotel school.

family. He was educated in private schools and at the University of London. Starting out in the hotel business with a token stint as a waiter in Switzerland, he worked up to general manager of London's Heathrow Excelsior and the Hong Kong Excelsior before coming to Cairo in 1974.

Nagwa grew up in Alexandria as the daughter of a railroad inspector on the old Orient Express. After her Palestinian mother died when Nagwa was 6 months old, she was raised by her stepmother. Over her father's objections, the stepmother packed Nagwa off to Cairo to break into show business after she had graduated from a convent school at the age of 14. First working as a telephone operator, Nagwa, a ballet dropout who taught herself belly dancing, got her big break performing at Sahara City, a tourist spot behind the Pyramids.

That led to starring roles in film musicals with titles like *The Angel and the Devil*. Nagwa's nightclub career also flourished, though she left the Cairo Sheraton briefly in the fall of 1973 after its cabaret closed in the wake of the Yom Kippur War. Her first marriage also collapsed at about that time.

When he took over the Sheraton in January 1974, Sami, whose previous marriage also ended in divorce, decided to bring Nagwa back. "We were going to reopen the nightclub," he recalls. "I wanted the best. I'd never met Nagwa, but I knew she was *the* star of Oriental dance."

Gongs clanged the moment they met. Nagwa remembers a maître d' warning her, "We've got a new manager. He's young, he's a bachelor, and he's got Nagwa Fouad written across his forehead." Her initial hesitation—"I'd heard he was typically Lebanese: no sense of humor, stiff and stuffy"—vanished when she discovered "how easygoing he was."

"The first time I saw her I just fell," Sami admits. Three months later, he adds, "we were having lunch and I said, 'Why don't we get married?' Nagwa said, 'Good idea.' So we went out and got married after lunch."

The center of their lives together these days is a modern apartment on the Sheraton's 21st floor, with a sweeping view of Cairo's fashionable Giza district. (President Sadat's house is a block away.) Sami and Nagwa are among Cairo's most exuberant party givers with guest lists in the hundreds and occasional belly dancing by the hostess.

Day to day their schedules don't exactly mesh. Sami is in his downstairs office by 9:30 a.m. while the late-performing Nagwa sleeps until 2 p.m., rising in time to join her husband for lunch.

"We have only one rule," Sami explains. "We never interfere in each other's lives. If I have an idea for a new dance or costume, I pass it on. If she likes it, fine. She does the same for me with the hotel." (One of her best ideas was for $50-a-plate *haflas*, or lavish parties, at the Sheraton featuring top Arab entertainment.)

At the moment Sami is directing construction of five more Sheraton enterprises in Egypt, including a Vegas-style resort on the Red Sea coast. Nagwa has signed to produce and star in 100 hour-long musical shows for Egypt's new color TV. Despite the male chauvinism of Arab society, Nagwa insists, "things are beginning to change here with the help of women's liberation movements in the West." Her husband agrees. "I don't believe in a woman staying home," he says. "Any successful marriage is a partnership of work and life. The worst thing for a marriage is an idle wife."

JOHN O. RIDDLE

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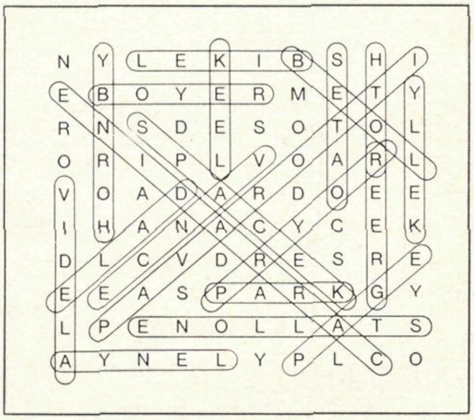
PPEUOZ

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We

A	R	S	U	N
Z	T	E	F	T
N	E	T	M	N
A	L	A	I	M
V	Y	O	B	L
O	O	N	O	T
U	D	M	E	R
R	R	E	I	G
T	L	B	E	S
A	R	R	E	B

Answers to Feb. 7 Puzzle

1. Page 2. Carradine 3. Kelly 4. Pryor 5. Lenya
6. Pavarotti 7. Vance 8. Spacek 9. Bikel 10. Dale
11. Loeb 12. Roth 13. Leek 14. Videla 15. Oates
16. Stallone 17. Boyer 18. Greer 19. Hornby 20. Park



N	Y	L	E	K	I	B	S	H	I
E	B	O	Y	E	R	M	E	T	Y
R	N	S	D	E	S	O	T	O	L
O	R	I	P	L	V	O	A	R	L
V	O	A	D	A	R	D	O	E	E
I	H	A	N	A	C	Y	C	E	K
D	L	C	V	D	R	E	S	R	E
E	E	A	S	P	A	R	K	G	Y
L	P	E	N	O	L	L	A	T	S
A	Y	N	E	L	Y	P	L	C	O

PZLEE

By Gerard Mosler

have started you off by circling BAEZ, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

P A B S T
O L A N D
P R C N I
E E A E M
O L L C P
E S L N O
E F G A W
O R E L E
A N T D L
A H A L L

Clues

1 . Gulf Windy Joan
2 . Father of Audrey Rose
3 . *Chansonnier* Charles
4 . Bronson's missus
5 . Blue Ribbon scion
6 . Deductionist doctor-writer
7 . Big in greeting cards
8 . Prodigious sci-fier
9 . Dr. love & will
10 . *Lelouch star*
11 . Everybody's budgeteer
12 . Her heart belonged to Bogie
13 . Saintly mother
14 . Ex-gamine Leslie
15 . *Jimmy's Jody*
16 . Live bullet from Detroit
17 . She knew The Users
18 . Meadows' man
19 . Uta the cook
20 . *Hitler according to John*

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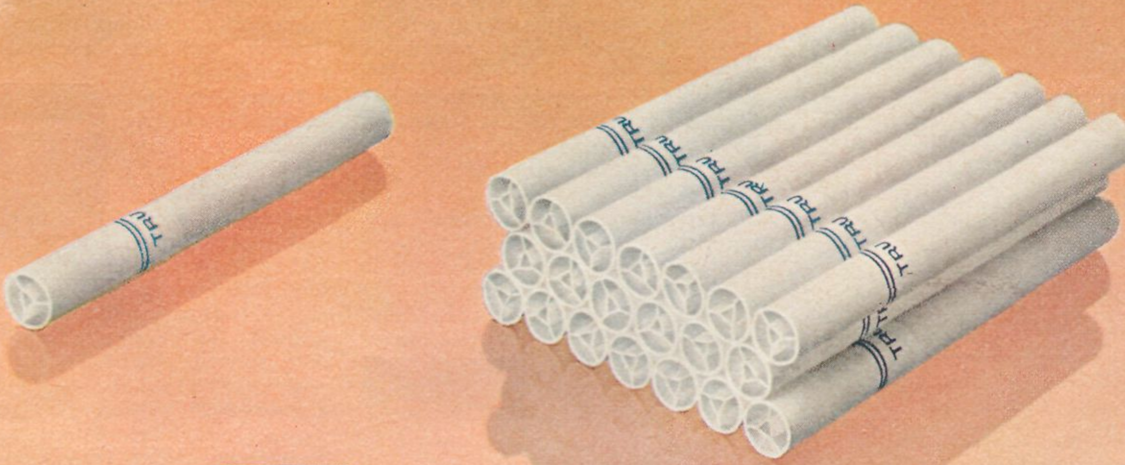

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report-October 1976.

CHARLES REICH SAYS AMERICA IS 'GREEN'—AND SO IS HE

Charles Reich has shed his button-down shirts—and that's only the beginning. His new image includes a necklace with infant-ID beads that spell out C-H-A-R-L-E-S. But Reich is 48 years old and his rebirth isn't the sort that President Carter talks about.

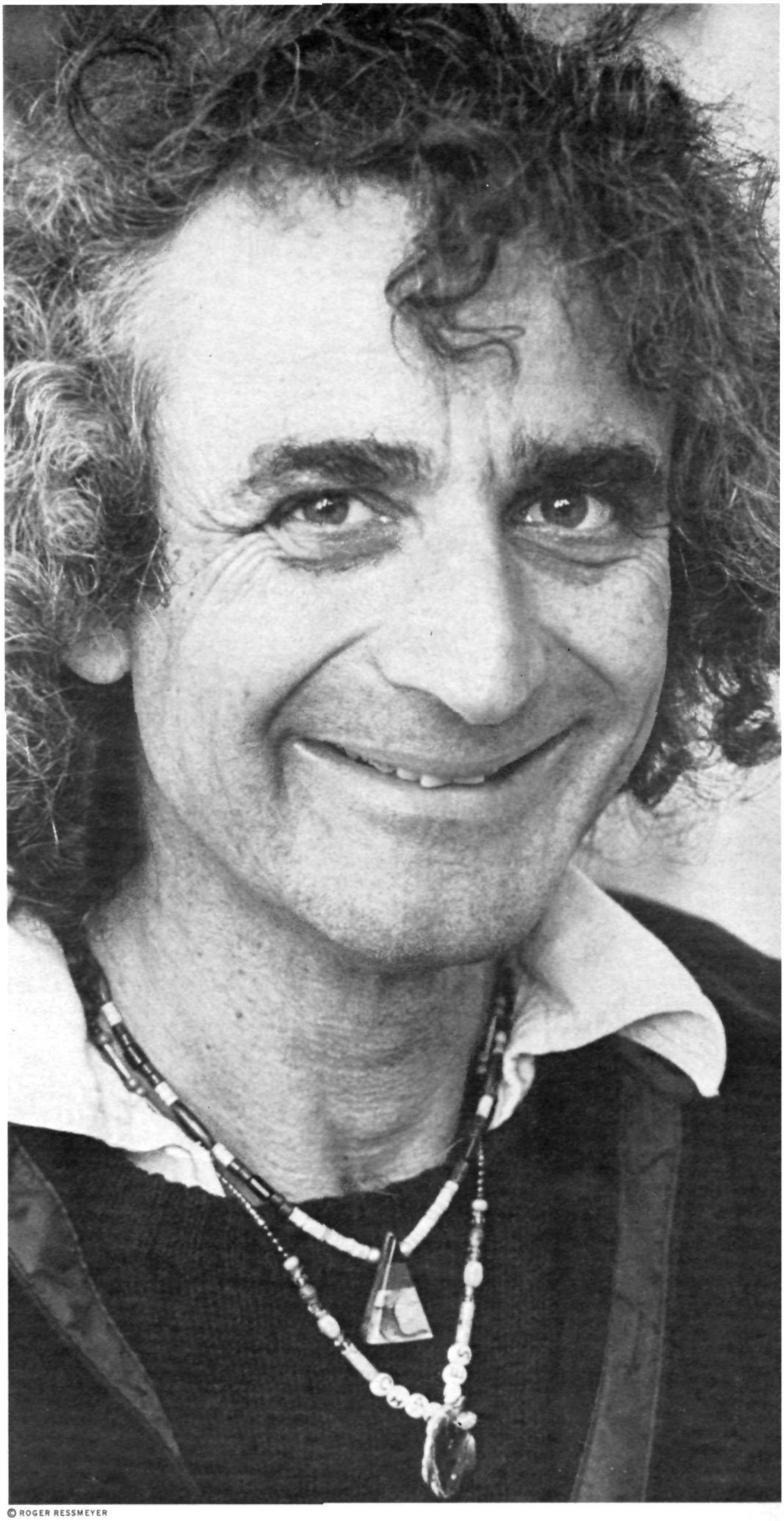
Reich wrote the best-selling *The Greening of America* in 1970. The let-it-all-hang-out philosophy of the young, he promised, would bring about a new and meaningful Utopia. *Greening* sold more than three million copies.

Now, seven years later, Reich claims that the revolution as he saw it is a success. "One phase came to an end in 1971," he says. "We've moved into a deeper, more important, intensely personal phase." And in *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef*, Reich's new book, he has documented that personal side.

In *Sorcerer*, which could be subtitled *The Greening of Charles Reich*, he tells about his Washington law career and his days as a Yale professor. At 43 he had his first sexual encounter. It was with a male prostitute. His first experience with a woman came three years later. He enjoys discussing his sexual awakening. "I've never had such moments of happiness. Imagine a man in his 40s discovering sex. With men, with women. I've so much catching up to do. I've lived so little. Real intimacy terrifies me—that's one reason I'm back in therapy."

He quit Yale in 1974 and now lives in San Francisco. His dining room is decorated with Indian kachina dolls and an autographed photograph of Justice Hugo Black, for whom Reich once clerked. His bed is covered with stuffed animals.

As Reich sees it, his own life makes his point best. "There is a very real possibility of people my age or older really changing their lives, of making new starts in an amazing way." ☐

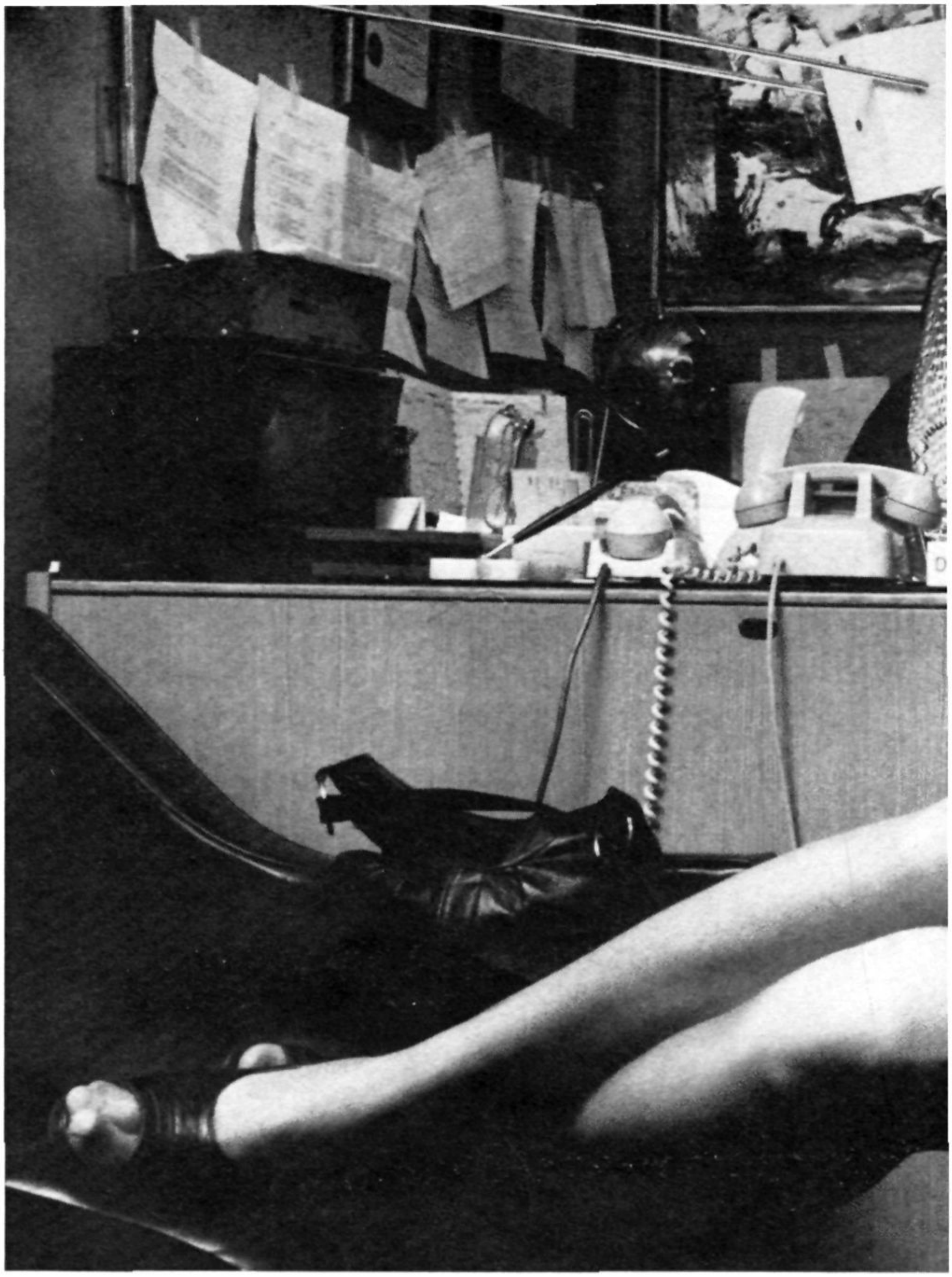


Ex-Yale professor Charles Reich lives in San Francisco, and a favorite retreat is nearby Bolinas Reef—hence his book title.

© ROGER RESSMEYER

*Sex scandals in Washington may seem like a recent—and distressing—phenomenon to most taxpayers, but for the past nine years two medical researchers have been looking into the relationship between illicit sex and politics. Sam Janus, a 46-year-old psychologist, and his psychiatrist wife, Dr. Barbara Bess, 38, began by interviewing call girls and high-priced prostitutes in New York, San Francisco, Washington, Los Angeles and Las Vegas. These women can earn as much as $100,000 a year. Nearly 60 percent of their clients turned out to be politicians, some of them using the prostitutes' services two or three times a week. An early eye-opener was a party given in 1969 in the Manhattan apartment of famed call girl Xaviera (*The Happy Hooker*) Hollander. "The party looked like a political convention," the two researchers recall.*

Both Janus and Bess have private practices and are professors at New York Medical College where they lecture on human sexuality. They share a Park Avenue apartment with Janus' two children by his first marriage, Beth, 21, and Jeffrey, 17. The researchers, with author Carol Saltus, have written A Sexual Profile of Men in Power *(Prentice-Hall), to be published in April. They talked with Patricia Burstein of* PEOPLE *about their findings.*



Sam Janus and Barbara Bess interview a call girl. "We'd think, 'This is it,' " Janus sighs, "until the next shocker."

How did you conduct the research?

From 1969 to 1976 we did over 700 hours of interviews with 68 call girls, 12 madams and 30 female government workers. Each interview lasted about eight hours.

Did you interview any politicians?

We talked to about 50 on the city, state and federal levels.

How could you be sure the prostitutes were telling the truth?

We had long-term relationships with them and could tell when they might be fabricating or glorifying an incident. We only used stories that at least two others would corroborate. A hooker in San Francisco, for instance, would toss out the same story about a certain politician as a hooker in Washington.

How many politicians were they talking about?

We are reluctant to quote an exact figure, but a safe bet would be nearly half of the members of Congress were customers of the women we interviewed. Of these, 10 percent were compulsive "johns," men driven to prostitutes as their sole or major source of sexual gratification.

These figures are hard to believe.

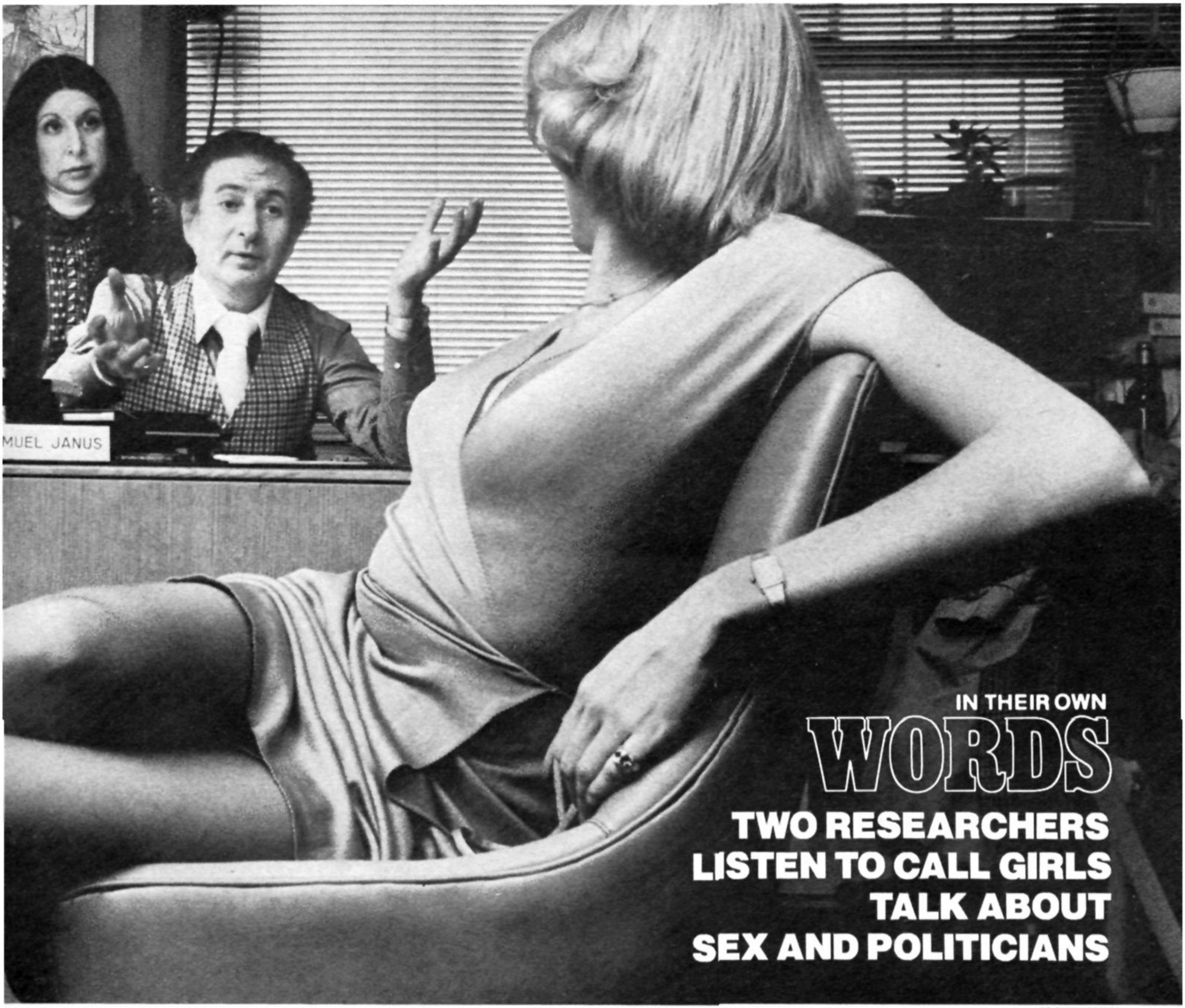
How many children can imagine their parents having sexual intercourse? Most people perceive politicians as father figures and thus think of them as pure, almost sexless beings.

How would you describe the sex life of politicians?

They have more of it. There is more intensity, more psychic and physical energy to their sex, and this activity continues undiminished to an advanced age. Wayne Hays once joked that his goal was to live to be 99—and then be shot by a jealous husband! Politicians seek out prostitutes more and pay more for it.

Why?

The answer is inherent in the nature of a politician. A man who is a combatant doesn't feel satisfied just battling men in elections. He has to balance his life by battling with women. Sex offers a release from the enormous pressure of knowing that the next time around he may be out of a job. He also likes release from his intense and continuous clubhouse intimacy with other men. Finally, it is a way for the politician to show his ability to withstand combat, hurt and pain.



IN THEIR OWN

WORDS

TWO RESEARCHERS LISTEN TO CALL GIRLS TALK ABOUT SEX AND POLITICIANS

CO RENTMEESTER

How?

The sad fact is that politicians tend to see all life as an exercise in power and punishment. Some of them seek out prostitutes for "kinky" sex, usually acting out sadomasochistic fantasies involving bondage, discipline, humiliation and pain.

Could you give an example?

The classic scenario is with the girl in leather boots and a whip, playing the role of captor. One politician liked to have her undress, then squeeze, pinch, jab and apply tourniquets to him while he casually talked politics over the phone. When she drew blood, he would indicate that, finally, it was enough. For him, sex was a sheer power exercise. Sometimes the torture is turned on the woman. We know of one politician, an older chap long prominent on the national scene, who has put at least eight women in the hospital, but he has enough money to pay off.

How do you explain this behavior?

For a politician, survival of a sexual beating is a symbolic expression of surviving the political beating and still going back for more in the next election. Boxers, for example, stay in training by having sparring partners. Politicians use prostitutes the same way. They keep in shape for their life-or-death elections. They want to demonstrate, "See, I can take it," including physical abuse, and yet survive.

Are there other, less violent practices?

Yes. President Kennedy had a strong voyeuristic tendency. There were nude swimming parties around the White House pool. A New England congressman keeps a whole wardrobe of formal evening gowns in his favorite whorehouse. He likes to circulate there, calling himself "Barbie." And one U.S. senator likes prostitutes dressed up as little girls, with their hair in braids. He brings them lollipops.

This small percentage of politicians who go to prostitutes so frequently —do they worry about being found out?

In fact, they would like to be found out but *survive* the scandal. Their thinking is a mixed bag: "I'm invulnerable and I won't be found out," and "If I'm caught, I didn't do anything wrong."

Do they feel guilty?

For about three minutes. But whatever guilt they may feel is assuaged by the punishment from prostitutes. They're thinking: "Boy, I got whipped good. You think I enjoy it? Look at the marks on me. Oh, I paid my dues for the sex." The whole cycle cleanses.

Don't the wives notice? What about scratches and wounds?

Most of the womanizers have their wives stay back in their home states and thus have lots of time to heal their wounds between visits. Wives are almost always protective, standing by their man in public at any cost. Some of the wives, we suspect, are just glad that their spouses take it out on someone else instead of them.

How would you describe the psychological condition of these sexual abusers?

Delayed adolescence. Since power is analogous to the sexual drive, we see politicians amassing power—getting on favored committees—only after a long period of time and thus developing at a much later age, both professionally and sexually. These politicians are doing foolish, irresponsible, dangerous kinds of sex, in large quantities, that are generally only found in adolescence. They're still looking for kicks, instead of respectability, which they already have in their positions.

What about their childhoods?

They have an unusually strong oedipal conflict. This is something most men come to terms with by late adolescence, but many politicians never really resolve a longing for their mothers. Notice how many mothers remain close to political leaders. There are "good" women like mothers and "dirty" women. This sort of politician never comes to grips with transferring affection and passion to the same woman. Rather than being neuter or homosexual, he lets it out with the "evil" woman. Incidentally, these politicians are often the ones most strongly against abortion.

What distinguishes the politician from other men with similar syndromes?

Other men really have to work to find time—and women—for such an active sex life. With politics, women are the basic core, the grease that keeps the machinery oiled. The whole political atmosphere encourages this behavior.

Are such politicians split personalities?

Not in the same sense as, say, Sybil, the multiple personality. They have one face for the public and one for the bedroom. The difference is that the role playing is conscious. If they don't recognize when their public and private lives overlap, then you have scandals.

Do you have any solutions?

Maybe we don't need cutthroats in politics who succeed over the bodies of both men and women. There seems to be a built-in reward system for such men, the vast majority of whom have had significant military or athletic experience. Winning alone may not produce the best kind of politician. Maybe more women would neutralize the locker room spirit. Perhaps we should look to the men who wear thick-rimmed glasses and are intellects, instead of the good-looking battlers. Barroom brawlers, after all, may not make the best politicians. □

Sex scandals that rocked Capitol Hill

IRA WYMAN-GAMMA LIAISON

The hysterical plunge into the Tidal Basin of Fanne Foxe, the Argentine Firecracker, eventually cost Rep. Wilbur Mills, then 65, his job. The Arkansas Democrat was ousted from his chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, checked into an alcoholics' clinic, and finally retired from Congress.

SUSAN BOWSER

AP

Former Ohio Rep. Wayne Hays, 65, denied he had hired Liz Ray as a $14,000 secretary to provide sex but admitted a "personal relationship" and then quit the House. Liz Ray, 33, at right in her acting debut, gets a massage in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*

RODDEY E. MIMS

AP

Texas Rep. John Young was cleared by the Justice Department of charges that part of the salary paid Colleen Gardner went for sex. Mrs. Gardner, whose salary rose from $8,500 to $25,800 in five years, claimed she and Young made 30 visits to Washington-area motels in 15 months.

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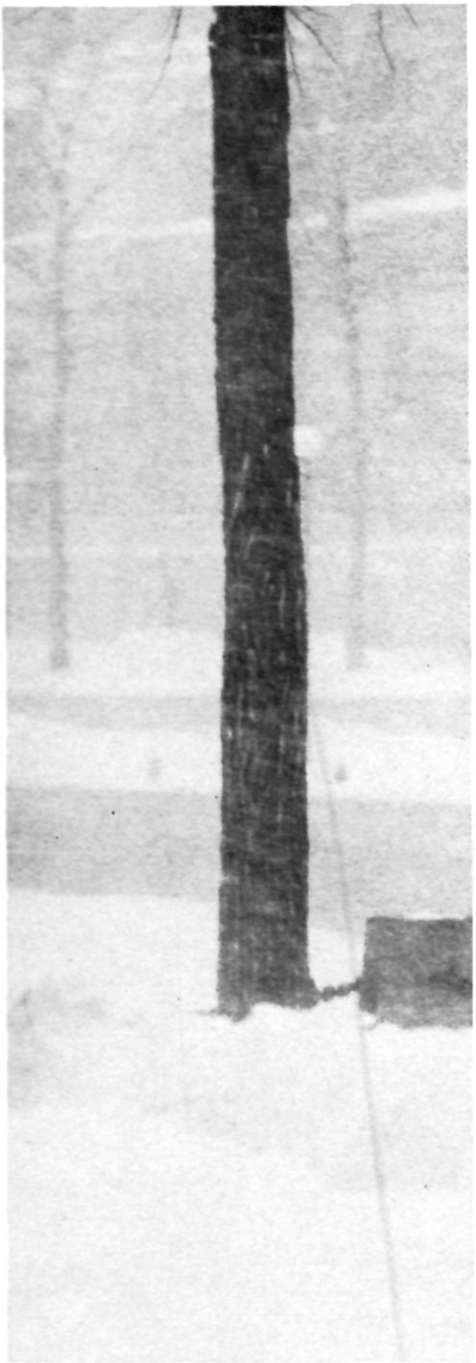


WHAT FLIES FULL FARE BUT NEVER EATS THE MACADAMIA NUTS? LYNN HARRELL'S $100,000 CELLO

I'll take steak and my friend would like the fish," says Lynn Harrell. The Air Canada stewardess smiles—for although Harrell has paid full fare for his seatmate, what's buckled in beside him is a cello.

At 6′3″ and 214 pounds, Harrell is husky enough to eat both portions —and sometimes does. At 33, he is one of the few American cellists to make a living—and a handsome one—as a solo concert artist. This year he will play 60 concerts in almost as many cities (next year it will be closer to 100). "I've become a walking airlines timetable," he says.

Though born with music in his bones —his father was baritone Mack Harrell, his mother Marjorie Fulton, a professional violinist—Harrell did not begin serious study until age 13. By 18 he was winning prizes here and abroad. At 21 he joined the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell as the youngest principal player ever. In 1971, after eight seasons in Cleveland, Harrell struck out on his own.

The tour means keeping constant company with a 22-pound 18th-century instrument worth more than $100,000. The prospect of losing or damaging his Montagnana cello, crafted in 1720, makes Harrell wince. "When I first went on tour, I allowed the cello to go into the airplane baggage hold in its fiberglass case," he recalls. "Then one trip I saw it fall off the cart and tip over twice." Miraculously, the instrument was unscathed, but Harrell now tries to keep it within eyesight at all times.

He has learned to nurse the cello past skeptical check-in clerks and customs officers, but acknowledges that his airline expenses are substantial. Traveling raises other problems too. Changes in climate affect the tone of the instrument; it can take two days to adjust to differences in heat and humidity. At home in New York, Harrell's practice room is greenhouse-warm and off limits to smokers.

Harrell's new English bride, Linda, who writes a weekly column for the *Guardian*, has had to do some adjusting herself. "That cello gets more attention than any mistress," she observes with a smile. She is less jolly in recalling her first head-on competition with the instrument. "On a London-New York flight, I offered to give up my tourist seat next to Lynn for the cello. But Pan Am said that if I did they would give my seat to a standby." Lynn gallantly (if reluctantly) consigned the cello to the hold, and the Harrells took off side by side.

SALLY MOORE

Photographs by Harry Benson

Bride Linda bids cellist Lynn Harrell goodbye as he sets off for JFK Airport. He arrived in Ottawa in a blizzard (above). Harrell warms up

his $100,000 cello while watching TV, then hits the sack to study scores.

AN AMERICAN 'TOOTH DOCTOR' TAKES HIS HEALING ART INTO THE JUNGLES AND DESERTS OF THE WORLD

Picture a simple tent in a desert or a jungle clearing. Inside is a dental chair. Word goes out that a "painless American tooth doctor" has set up shop—no appointment necessary. Hundreds of people begin to line up, some of them walking for days for their first treatment from a real dentist.

In Rwanda one summer, in Lesotho the summer before that, the dentist-in-temporary-residence was Dr. Barry Simmons of Athens, Ga. For 13 consecutive years, at a cost to himself of close to $150,000, Simmons has traveled to developing countries in Latin America, Africa, the Mideast, Asia and the Pacific islands to volunteer his services.

"Dentistry doesn't lend itself to heroics—there are no dental versions of *M*A*S*H* or *Emergency!* on TV," the boyish-looking, 40-year-old Simmons concedes. "But I've seen enough to know that a dentist can make the difference between life and death." In particular, he says, "the leprosy patients tear your heart out. Some have no hands, no feet, no ears or eyes. And if they lose their teeth, too, they'll die of malnutrition."

Simmons developed a wanderlust early; the sense of mission followed. With a knack for covering maximum distances on minimum cash, he bummed around the U.S. and Europe in his youth. After graduating from Emory University dental school, he headed for South America to study exotic birds. In Colombia he fell into an all-night rap session with a priest who had some surplus U.S. Navy dental equipment. Would Simmons consider treating a few Indians? That's how it all began.

For several years, Simmons donated his skills and scrounged the equipment. But during one summer in Lesotho in southern Africa, it occurred to him that "when you give something away for nothing, it has little value." He started charging a nominal fee (50¢ for extractions, $1 for fillings) and turned over all proceeds to his host countries, which used them to buy dental equipment and supplies. "I've been paid in chickens and in onions," Simmons says. "In Thailand, the prostitutes even offered to trade their wares in exchange for dental work." Simmons, a bachelor, says he made other arrangements.

His one-man aid program gave way to Dental Health International which he founded in 1973. With assistance from the U.S. Agency for International Development, other dentists have been encouraged to follow Simmons' example. "We're not interested in adventure-seekers," he says. "I had one guy call me to ask, 'What are the broads like out in the jungle?' " (He wasn't accepted.) Simmons is perfecting a fully portable dental clinic that can be carried into the most remote parts of the world by camel caravan, dugout canoe or even on the backs of human bearers.

When not out of the country, Simmons tends to a thriving private practice in Athens, site of the University of Georgia. His office is in his home,

Barry's proudest possession is a Chinese junk kept on Lake Hartwell in South Carolina. Its name, 'Schmatee,' is derived from the Yiddish word for rag.

DENTAL HEALTH INTERNATIONAL

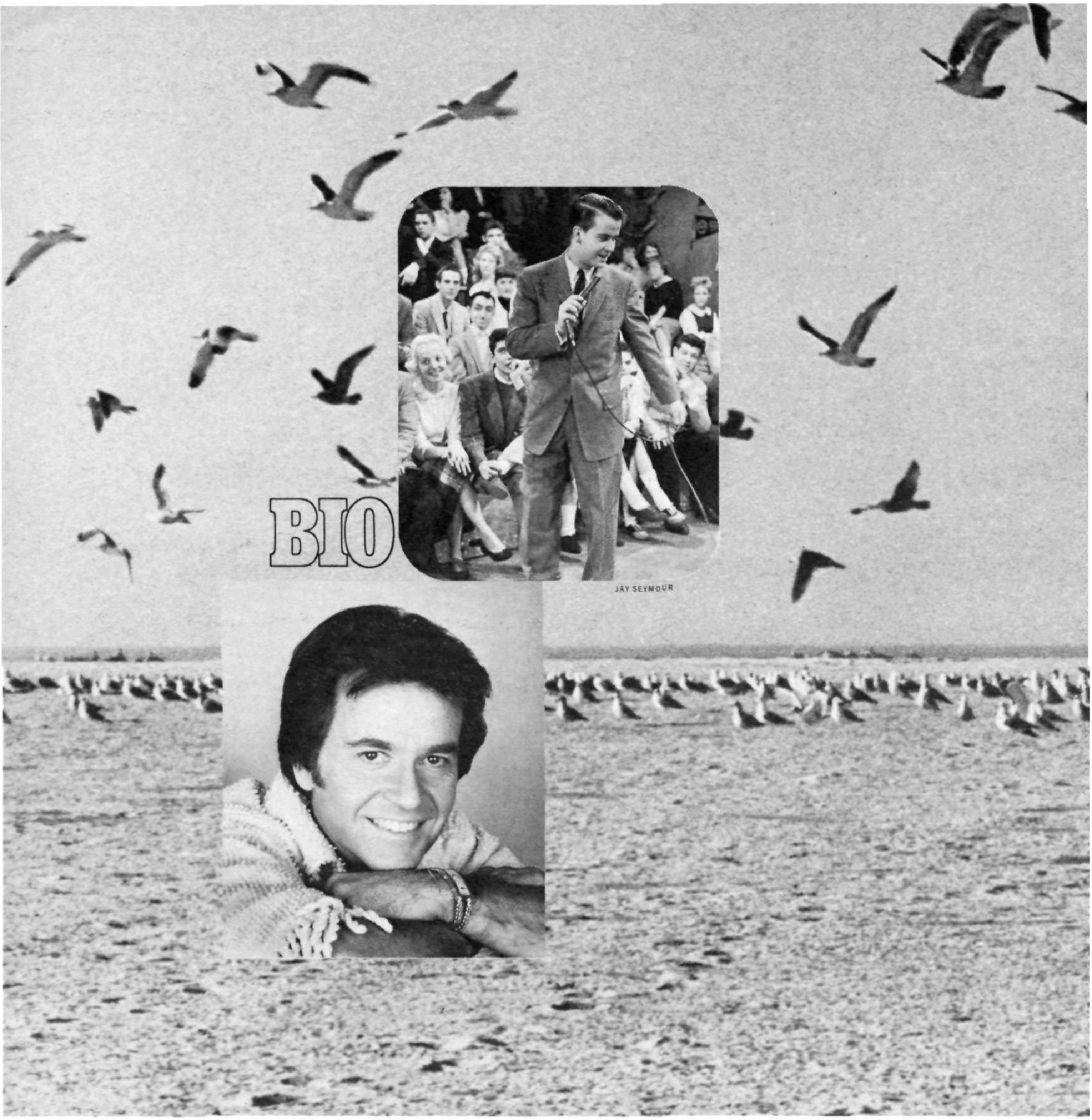
Simmons examines an aged patient in a leper colony in Lesotho and (below) field tests his portable clinic with underprivileged kids in Georgia. "Dentistry is just about my whole life," he says.

a 12-room, 55-year-old mansion which he shares with three tropical birds. A "pretty good cook," Simmons has developed an international palate from his travels ("In Nigeria I ate termites. They're crunchy and salty like potato chips").

"Some people think I'm a super-humanitarian or a spy for the CIA," says Simmons. "I'm neither." But his ambitions are by no means modest. "There aren't a heck of a lot of people who really try to shape the world," he says. "I'd like to be remembered as someone who did something worthwhile for people."

DOROTHY SPARER

Photographs by Leviton/Atlanta



JAY SEYMOUR

Teenage fans in the '50s made Dick Clark and his 'Bandstand' an institution (top inset). Today he and his assistant Kari Wigton

IT'S NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE, IT'S SHOWBIZ CONGLOMERATE KING DICK CLARK

Photographs by Harry Benson

It's Brylcreem City. As the Big Beat shakes millions of TV sets, the camera pans a dull-eyed frenzy of sensuously bopping teenagers. The girls flash pixie hairdos, penny loafers, two bobby sox on each foot, straight skirts that cup their rumps, blouses with Peter Pan collars, circle pins, virgin pins. The boys are wearing white buck shoes, cuffed corduroys or chinos, button-down collars, narrow-lapel sport coats and slicked-back DA hairstyles.

share a humming production office and a moment together on a California beach.

Gliding forward, the camera frames the face of an almost too pretty young man with lanolin-sleeked hair and an expression half George Raft, half calendar Christ. "Hi," he begins in a stroking baritone supported by a smile that could blister a snowman. "I'm Dick Clark. Welcome to Bandstand. *Our special guest this afternoon is the Killer himself, Jerry Lee Lewis, here to sing* Great Balls of Fire*! But right now let's get rolling with Duane Eddy and* Rebel Rouser*!"*

Remember Dick Clark and *American Bandstand*? They called him Mr. Teenage America, the Great Disc-tator of Rock'n'Roll, the Pied Piper of the Ponytail Generation. He had an audience of eight million obsessed onlookers every afternoon from 3 to 4:30 and earned more than a million Eisenhower dollars a year. His show, which once drew a million fan letters in one week, brought national fame to dozens of rock-era musicians—from Chuck Berry to Frankie Avalon to Connie Francis. It also introduced almost all the dance crazes of a dance-crazed decade —bop, duck, pony, fly, Madison, Popeye, mashed potato, Watusi, twist, hitch hike, limbo, swim, fish, Bristol stomp, cool jerk, frug, hully gully, stroll, hustle, chalypso. He put Philadelphia, where his program originated, in the running for music capital of the '50s,

CONTINUED

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Clark is emcee of the five-times-a-week game show '$20,000 Pyramid' and continues to host 'American Bandstand.'

BioCONTINUED

and many thought he surpassed Arthur Godfrey as a TV salesman. Critics consider his lyrically intimate rendition of a 60-second Clearasil commercial one of the peak esthetic experiences of early U.S. video.

Clark was a paradox. Most Americans over 30 loathed rock'n'roll, but everybody liked the man who kept it pounding in their ears. Teenagers liked him because they felt he stood up for them; parents liked him because he wore a coat and tie and subtly persuaded them that he was secretly in favor of the waltz. Then came the payola scandal and the 1959-60 congressional investigation that drew some vaguely villainous mustachios on the public image of Mr. Nice Guy.

By 1963 Clark had drifted out of the spotlight—but hardly out of show business. As his image waned, his empire grew.

Clark lounges easily at the podium of the *$20,000 Pyramid*, a game show he has hosted since 1973. He is 47. After 22 years of fame, the bland face still carries no lines that can be seen on television, and the stylish swoop of hair is without a trace of gray. In makeup he seems 30.

On *Pyramid* this afternoon guest star Peggy Cass has been scouting frantically under time pressure for a word to describe a bad woman. "Bitch!" she yelps. Clark impulsively tears a strip of masking tape from his clipboard and darts across the stage. Seconds later, he slaps the tape across Peggy's

CONTINUED

Gregg Allman and Cher are greeted by Clark in Hollywood. They were among the 112 stars on his anniversary TV special.

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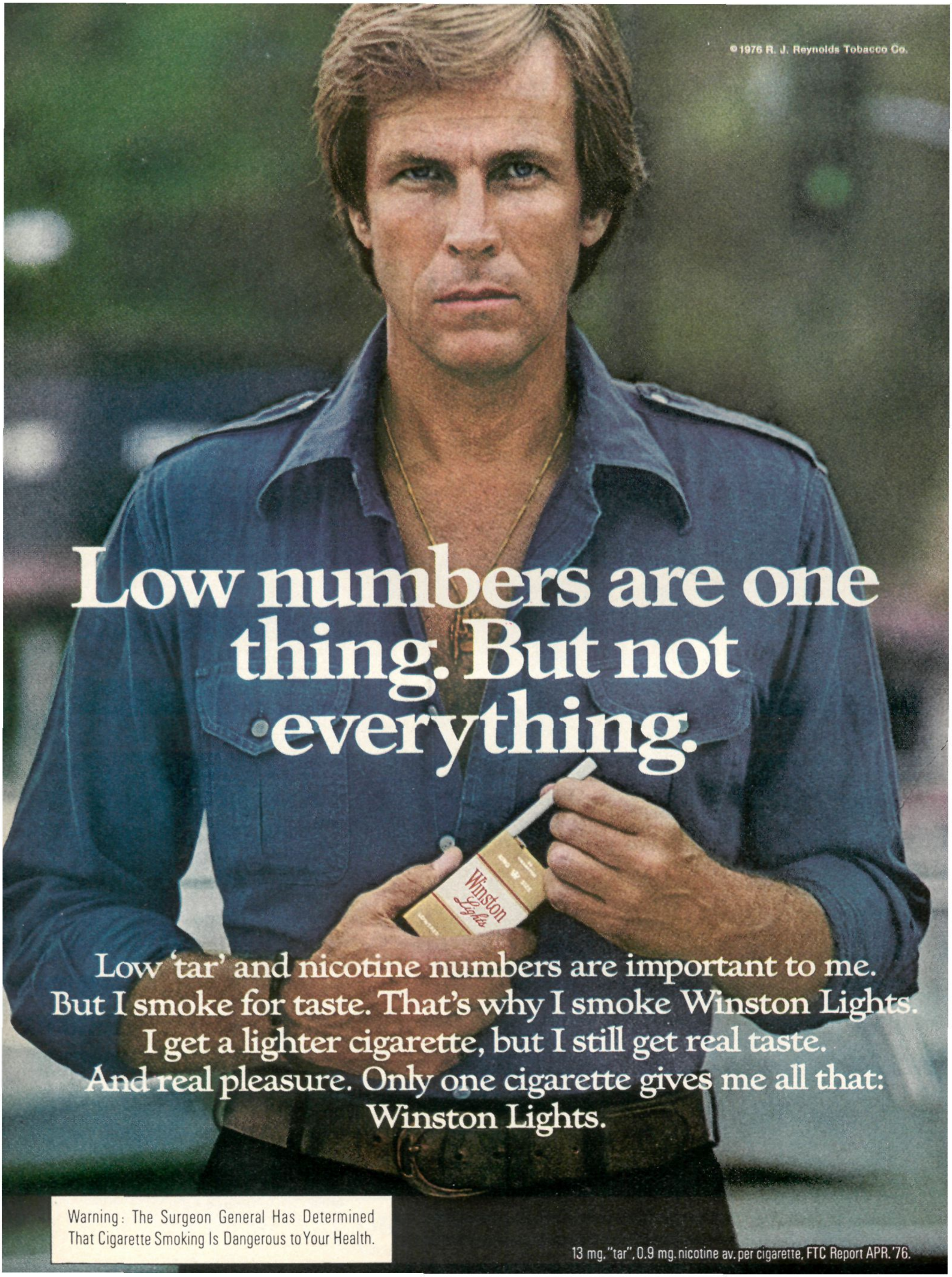

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mouth. It's a deft and graphic ad lib. The audience cracks up.

In his dressing room after the show, Clark's mouth clenches in anger as he makes five furious phone calls in a row. "Are you telling me that anniversary-show material didn't get to *TV Guide* in time to make the issue? Listen, that m.f. had six months to get it there! Hold on. I'll try to extend the deadline. You call the bastard's boss and get him off his kiester! The article *has* to be in!"

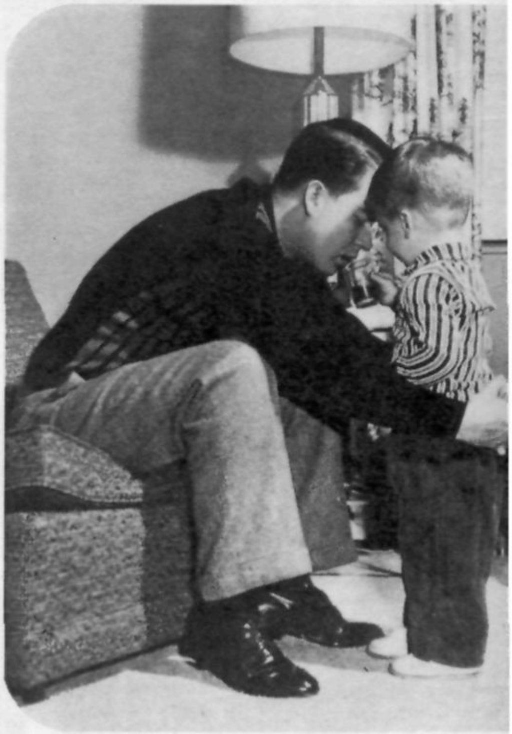
Between calls, Clark explains tersely that *American Bandstand* is celebrating its 25th anniversary with a network special produced by Clark himself (and aired Feb. 4). "I fought like a wildcat to get this show on the air," he says. "ABC was cool to the idea, but I sent them a list of 400 stars and said I'd get 70 of any 75 they picked. They said, 'Wow!' and gave me two hours of prime time."

Dick Clark Productions is one of Hollywood's most active middle-sized production companies. Though he keeps only 65 employees on his regular payroll, Clark in the last 18 months has completed 11 TV specials and currently is shooting two more. His American Music Awards Special appeared on ABC just a week before the *Bandstand* special. His TV unit now produces *The Captain and Tennille* show, and in 1976 he also turned out two summer series, one for John Davidson, the second for Frankie Avalon. In 1977 he will make pilot presentations for two new TV series, produce two full-length theatrical movies and start work on a third.

One of Clark's eight corporations produces a 90-minute stage show, *Good Ol' Rock 'n' Roll*, that keeps breaking attendance records at Las Vegas hotels. Another company over the years has arranged pop music concerts for an impressive array of entertainers: the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, Chicago, Alice Cooper, Sonny & Cher, the Osmonds. Another deals with matters involving record albums—*Dick Clark's 20 Years of Rock* has sold more than a million copies. And still another owns and operates radio station KPRO in the Los Angeles area.

Clark is the linchpin in all these enterprises; he makes every major decision and supervises its execution. "Production," he says, "takes up 95 percent of my time." In the leftover 5 percent he conducts a full-time performing career. Clark tapes a weekly 60-minute show for *Bandstand*, plus five 30-minute shows for *Pyramid*. He also records a syndicated radio program that is broadcast worldwide three hours a week. And every summer he does an eight-week stint as emcee of his Las Vegas rock show. "I'm a workaholic," he admits with a fierce grin, "and I wouldn't have it any other way."

"You can see how thrilled I was," Clark says of this childhood photo from his new autobiography, 'Rock, Roll & Remember.'



Richard A. Clark II gave his father a sip back in 1959. Today Dickie is 20 years old and lives with his mother.

Clark has been in business since age 5, when he published a 2¢ gossip sheet in his hometown, Mount Vernon, N.Y. An introspective boy, he spent long hours listening to Arthur Godfrey and dreaming of the day when he too would be in radio. When his father was hired to manage a station in Utica, N.Y., Clark got summer work as a gofer and part-time announcer. From the first he showed talent, but it was shrewdness that got him his first good TV job. He secretly recorded an intricate 15-minute audition text for Philadelphia's WFIL-TV and then, with the help of a tiny speaker hidden in his ear, spouted it on camera without once glancing at the script. The program director figured he had found a wunderkind, and he was right. Clark's charm and persuasiveness quickly won him a series of lucrative TV commercials. Then in 1956 he took over a local record program called *Bandstand*. The show took off.

Three months after *Bandstand* went network, Dick Clark and the pelvis brigade were the nation's favorite daytime show. "The Regulars," teenagers like Bob Clayton, Justine Carrelli, Ken Rossi and Arlene Sullivan, who danced on the show every day, got an average of 15,000 letters a week, a TV record. Clark published a fan magazine just to feed the national hunger for gossip about the kids' private lives. The smell of big money was in the air, and Clark was not the man to turn up his nose. He set up one company to manufacture replicas of the stuffed animal "Platter Puss" that celebrities signed when they performed on *Bandstand*. Another company sold a cream hair conditioner for teenagers. Clark established dozens of companies to manufacture and distribute records —and then gave the records a boost by playing them on television. By 1960 he was a miniconglomerate of 33 interlocking corporations.

When the payola scandal erupted, Clark insisted, "I did nothing illegal," and the congressional investigators agreed. But they felt he had "a possible conflict of interest," so at the suggestion of his network, ABC, Clark sold all his record companies—at a loss, he figures, of about $8 million. "It was an

CONTINUED

Paramahansa Yogananda

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expensive lesson," says Clark, "but it taught me to protect my ass at all times." Clark is now a millionaire many times over, but the loss still rankles. Money is important to him, not so much for the things it can buy as for the success it signifies. Success, fame, power are what he cares about—cares about fiercely. "Get in my way when I really want to accomplish something," he admits, "I can be a mean mother."

Clark's drive to succeed has cost him dearly. It contributed heavily, he believes, to the collapse of both his marriages—the first to Bobbie Mallery, his childhood sweetheart, the second to Loretta Martin, a secretary. His three children—Richard, 20, Duane, 14, and Cindy, 12—live with their mothers. He has thousands of professional connections but few close friends. His employees respect him as a clever, tough, daring executive—"He could run a major studio brilliantly," says an aide—but only one feels close to him.

Her name is Kari Wigton. For six years she has been Clark's executive assistant and the woman in his life. "She's done everything," he says admiringly. "She was a U.S. senator's assistant, a dancer, a private eye, a wrangler on a snake farm. She's the first woman I've known who lives my life, understands it, puts up with it—and works with me!"

Kari's description of her life with Clark is refreshingly frank. "At work he's very difficult. His energy is unbelievable—nobody can keep up. He's a perfectionist. The best is expected, you get no pats on the back. You know you're doing okay only if you don't get fired. Action is what counts with him, and he wants it fast. If he doesn't get it, he flares up like a spoiled kid. His temper is fierce, but then it's over. He keeps nothing inside. He'll never get ulcers—but the people who work for him do.

"On the personal level he's not your nice normal guy. That's not what you get with him. He's not considerate. To live with him you need a sturdy ego. But he's exciting, confident, very sensual.

"Yes, he's moody, but basically he understands what he's all about. No agonizing about self-identification, no psychiatrists. When something's wrong, we come right out with it. And that's that. No heavy discussions. I'm not a heavy person. Ninety-nine percent of the time I'm in a good mood. Keeping Dick happy keeps me happy."

Clark lives in a dramatic Malibu Beach house he and Kari, 34, designed together. It has a waterfall in the living room, stained-glass bar, bed sunk into the bedroom floor, huge circular bathtub with built-in Jacuzzi. There at night Clark checks his momentum by slamming like a bullet through two-foot-high stacks of magazines. "I can't imagine slowing down," he says.

"There's so much I want to do. I want to be host on a talk show, I want to manage top musical talent, I want to produce a major motion picture. Most of all I want to be remembered as a hell of a lot more than some guy who did Clearasil commercials on the damn tube."

BRAD DARRACH

Clark has a house in California but TV production brings him, with Kari Wigton, to New York's snowy Central Park.

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INVENTORS

JUNOESQUE JULIE NEWMAR WINS A PATENT ON A NEW KIND OF PANTYHOSE

SUSAN WOOD

"They make your derriere look like an *apple instead of a ham sandwich*," says pomaceous Julie Newmar of the pantyhose she has just patented. "It's a simple improvement. I just gathered the back seam. But it gives a woman the firm fanny of a 12-year-old."

For those women with other worrisome parts, the statuesque actress (5′11″, 37-23-37) also has invented a Marilyn Monroe-type bra, which is nearly invisible, and a pantyhose belt for tall women, which "keeps the crotch from sagging to the knees."

Such bursts of creativity are in character for Julie, 41, who boasts a near-genius 135 IQ and is the daughter of an ex-professor of engineering. (Her mother was a Ziegfeld Girl.) She also has a younger brother with a Harvard Ph.D.

Julie has long designed her own clothes. The pantyhose, which she hopes to retail at $4 under the name "Nudemar," were invented out of necessity. "I have two drawers of pantyhose," she complains, "but I don't like what they do for my backside."

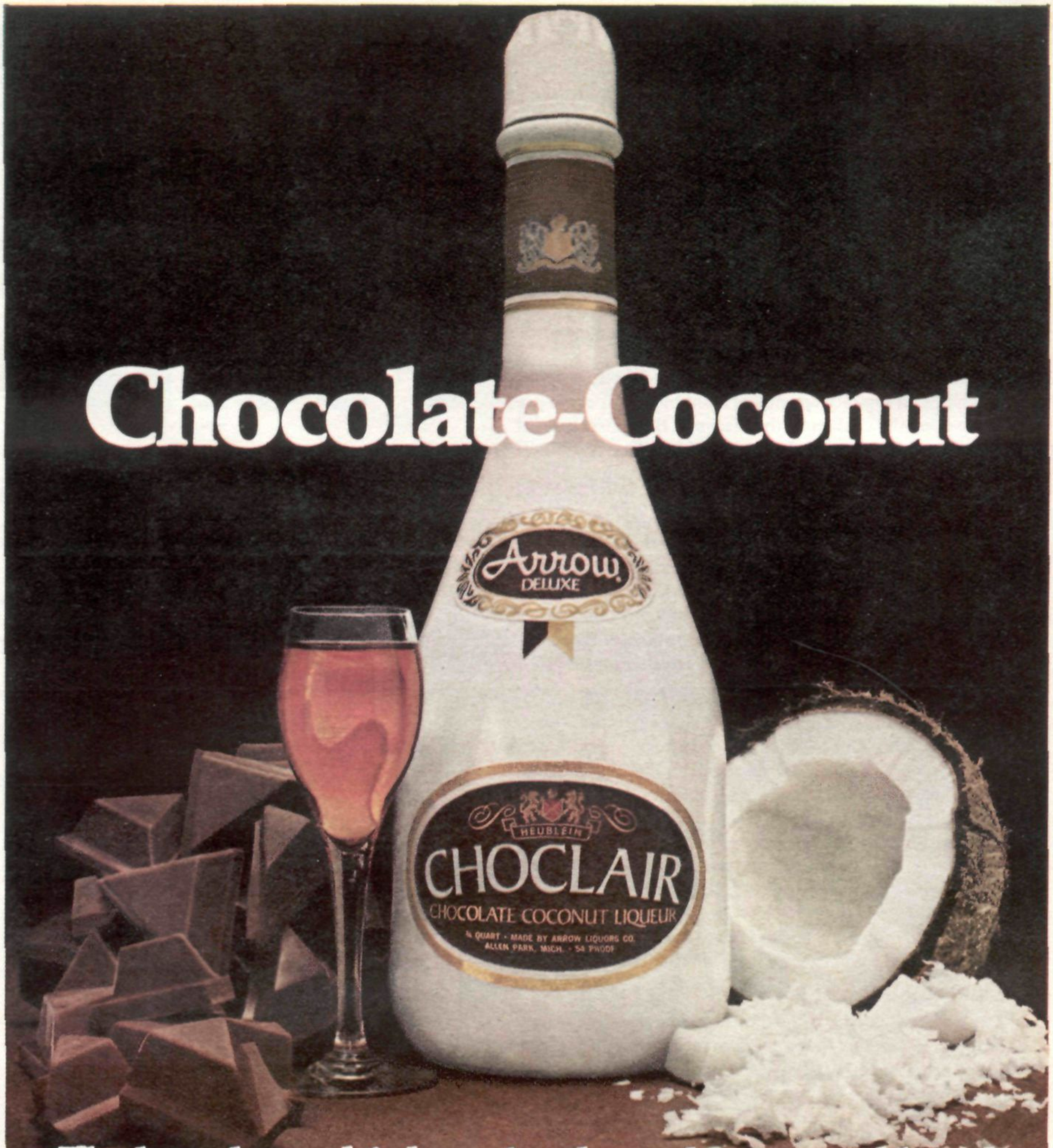
"Nudemar" took two years to develop. It is made from a stretchable Monsanto fabric with an elastic back seam that separates the buttocks. "The hips look smaller," Julie explains. "Instead of flattening the fanny, they round it."

The Newmar legs, 37 inches long, have provided the underpinning for a career that began at 15, when she danced with the L.A. Opera Company. Later she scored on Broadway in *Silk Stockings* and *Li'l Abner* and as Catwoman on TV's *Batman*. In 1959 Julie won a Tony for best supporting actress in *The Marriage-Go-Round*.

Unmarried, she lives in New York, attends five ballet classes a week and almost as many parties, lunches on carrot juice laced with papaya, yogurt and vitamins, reads history and philosophy, and is an outspoken liberal Democrat.

She may next turn her inventive bent to men's pajamas. "They all have a terrible cut," she laments. "I can't get any to fit me." ☐

Chocolate-Coconut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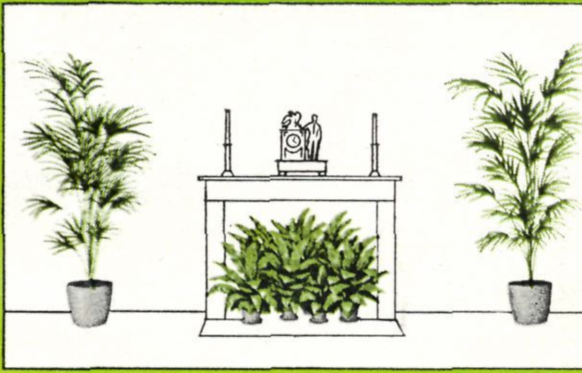

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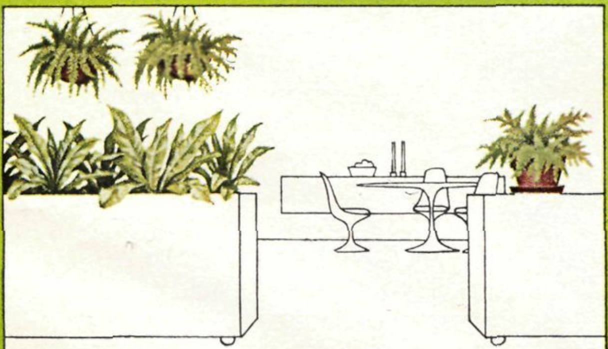

Plant boxes set on casters can be arranged in a variety of ways to divide a long room or create an entrance hall where none exists.

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Kathy Morelli, who works for Ed as editor of the insurance agents' publication, is a hard lens dropout, too. "They really felt rough," she says. Thanks to Ed, Kathy wears SOFLENS Contact Lenses for work, for her special hobby, macrame, and for her favorite sport, bowling.

Al Plueddemann, division manager of the insurance company, wore glasses for years, but they "fogged up" and bothered his golf game. Two years ago, he asked his doctor for soft contact lenses, planning to use them for sports and the glasses for work. To Al's surprise, soft contact lenses proved so easy to wear, he uses them for both.

Sandra Nourse is a fire insurance underwriter and spends hours scrutinizing photos and applications. She hated wearing glasses in the office, and hard contact lenses made her eyes feel "itchy." Then, like Ed, Kathy and Al, Sandy switched to soft contact lenses. Now she's happy with the "natural look" at work and in her social life.

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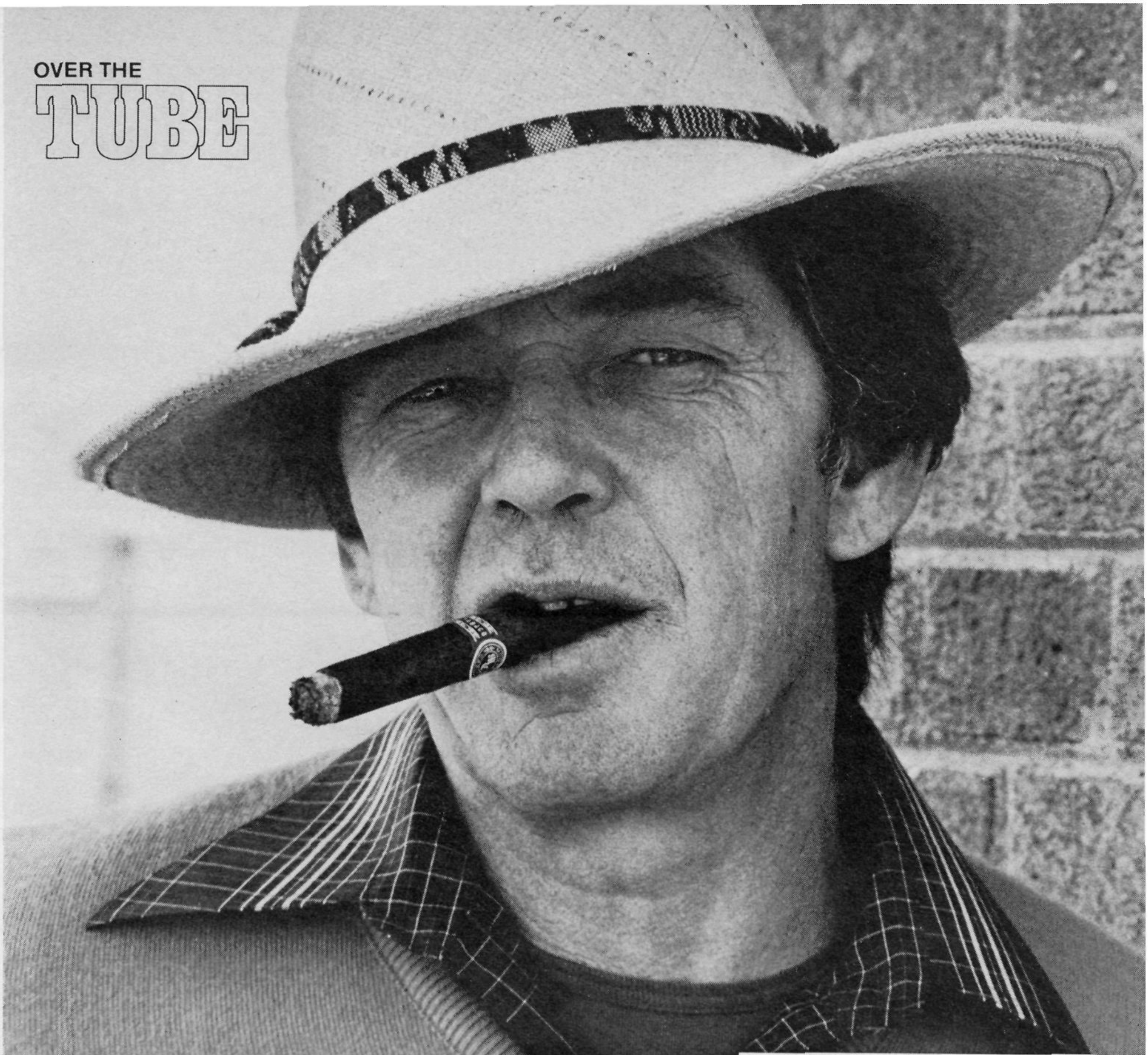
OVER THE TUBE



MINISTER, GRIEVING FATHER, EX-ALCOHOLIC: RALPH WAITE IS MORE THAN JUST DADDY WALTON

CBS

Playing John-Boy's dad ain't high art, but cigar chain-smoker Ralph Waite's found fulfillment using his 'Waltons' swag to bankroll a free playhouse in the L.A. slums.

CONTINUED

Among the shocks of the Eight Nights That Shook the Nation—*Roots*—was seeing one of TV's all-time sympathetic figures, heretofore the benign John Walton, cast as Slater, the sadistic mate on a slave ship. For actor Ralph Waite, there was no problem adjusting. "It occurs to me that John Walton's great-great-great-grandfather might have been a man not unlike Slater," he observes and, indeed, the tragic perversities of life have always obsessed Waite. He himself is a non-practicing minister and ex-alcoholic, a complex, inconsolable man who has nightmares from a 1969 divorce and who is still recovering from the death of a daughter with leukemia at 9. "It sounds saccharine," Waite believes. "But you only mature when you face problems you can't deal with."

The heartening word is that Ralph Waite seems finally and successfully to be dealing with those problems at 48. Booze, he's convinced, is behind him. Sure he finds *The Waltons* unchallenging professionally after five seasons, and he has called his $10,000-a-week salary "obscene," but he is now able to convert his extra means and force into the most fulfilling pulpit of his life: his own two-year-old Los Angeles Actors' Theatre. It's a performers' workshop in the L.A. slums of which he notes: "It says something about the impoverished state of American theater that we're already known nationally."

Waite's concept was to reach out both to displaced actors and to citizens who had subsidized it all by tuning in to TV. So with $100,000 of his own savings, he rented and renovated an old theater hard by a seedy porno district at Santa Monica Blvd. "I chose a location," he explains, "where elderly people who eat cat food and can't even afford a phone, hookers from the neighborhood, the unemployed, families on welfare could come and see our shows—for nothing." Ralph has discovered that his actors feel amply rewarded, though they work free. "In some ways, our best audiences come in off the street—they're so alive. They relate to simple survival and don't try to intellectualize."

Waite, an Actors Studio alumnus, sought to avoid "that ingrown preciousness where everybody tends to be self-involved. We don't want to be a little hothouse," he insists. "Just as theater has to be where people live, actors have to go out in the marketplace—not be cut off by a lens. Either an artist grows or he stagnates."

Waite (with Donald Moffat and Dana Elcar in 'Waiting for Godot') wants the LAAT to stay small. "We're not into the hit syndrome. Success would be a disaster."

Waite's own growth as an actor began frustratingly late. The son of a construction engineer, he was raised in suburban White Plains, N.Y. in an environment he calls "very secular, non-artistic. I was never taken to a play or concert or church. Yet I was a show-off, a dreamer, a storyteller." After graduating from Bucknell, Ralph met and married Beverly Hall, the daughter of religious writer Clarence Hall. She introduced him to the writings of theological heavies like Niebuhr and Tillich and inspired him to become a New York City social worker, en route to the Yale Divinity School. He and Beverly had three daughters by 1960, when he earned his degree and became a minister in the Presbyterian Church and the United Church of Christ.

But Ralph got frustrated when he found

Waite's workshop also offers free courses in voice, fencing, et al and subsidizes promising apprentices in need.

Ralph and his lady, Kerry Shear, are pondering marriage and a kid; right now they're raising two golden retrievers.

Photographs by Steve Schapiro

his sense of "social justice" too rigorous for his congregation. He had been drinking, and the problem greatly intensified after 1964, when his oldest daughter died and he left the ministry. (He is still ordained, however, and occasionally performs weddings for close friends.)

A chance visit to an acting class hooked him, and Waite took jobs ranging from religious book editor at Harper & Row to bartender while he searched for parts. Slowly he made a name Off-Broadway, particularly with Joe Papp's company, then began to land movie roles, including *Five Easy Pieces* (as Jack Nicholson's brother). Along the way his marriage withered and he and Beverly were divorced in 1969.

Today Waite shares his house in the Hollywood Hills with Kerry Shear, 29, whom he began dating two years ago when she showed up as a volunteer stage manager-actress at the LAAT. "She was the first woman I'd met with whom I could laugh a lot," says Ralph. "I used to see life as pain and tragedy." Kerry admits that Waite has "lightened up a bit." Marriage is in the offing, though their first altar date was scrubbed when Ralph "freaked out" in a dream about his first family. (He still often travels up to Carmel Valley to see daughters Kathleen, 20, and Suzanne, 17.)

Ralph is committed to another year as John Walton, even though Richard (John-Boy) Thomas is leaving the show —which makes Waite "very sad. We had become a family in a very real sense." Lately, Ralph's pulled one of the year's highest Nielsens pre-*Roots*, dramatizing ex-Haverford College President John Coleman's sampling of blue-collar life (page 48). There's also been talk of a post-*Walton* series, and Waite still fantasizes about making a low-budget personal film. Meanwhile he and Kerry spend every free evening and weekend—and more of his money—down at the LAAT.

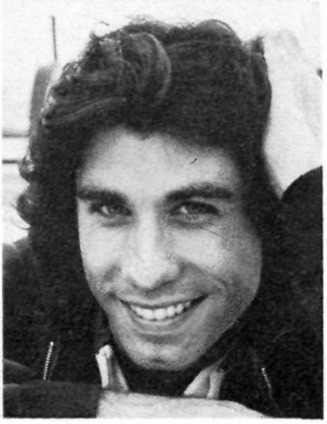
"I'm not any more moral than my neighbors," says Waite of his vision. "I have vanity and greed enough for one person. But at the same time I feel in my bones you lose a lot of life's value if you don't see yourself as a member of the family of man. The beauty of life is in people who feel some obligation to enhance life. Without that," he says, touching Kerry, "we're only half alive." LOIS ARMSTRONG

CHATTER

Le Sacrilège du Printemps Casting about for the male lead in its spring production of *L'Histoire du Soldat*, the New York City Opera settled on—is America ready for this?—teenie heartthrob John Travolta, 22, a/k/a Vinnie Barbarino in ABC's *Welcome Back, Kotter*. Travolta wouldn't have had to sing, but not because the NYCO brass had heard his first, bubblegummy single, *Let Her In*. The work's hero is only required to mime and dance. Though terming it "a great honor," Travolta had to thumb down the offer because of movie commitments like *Grease*, thereby losing the chance to become the first Sweathog to play Stravinsky.

Memory Blank Never met the bloke, British Prime Minister James Callaghan had been telling associates, though President Jimmy Carter had chatted by phone and put the PM's name atop the White House must-invite list. But last week Callaghan ran into a Labor party official who reminded him of an evening three or four years ago. "Well, what are you doing now?" Callaghan had asked at the time. "Oh, it's been a long day. I'm off for home," came the reply. "I wish I were," sighed Callaghan. "But I've got to go and meet some Georgia peanut farmer who thinks he's going to be President of the United States."

Drear Diary *Delores*, it turns out, was not Jacqueline Susann's last manuscript. But Irving Mansfield, her husband for her last 31 years, says he's "scared" to read, much less publish, the final work. It's a diary that includes a chronicle of the two depressed years she spent sobbing in her bedroom following the discovery that their only child was autistic. It also recounts the suffering after her 1962 mastectomy which failed to halt the cancer that finally killed her in 1974. "I don't want to go through that misery and torture again," explains Mansfield. So what will happen to the diary? "I have it at home, locked up. I don't know whether to give it to a college for use after I've passed away or burn it."


DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

John Travolta: Is the Met his match?

ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

Bianca Jagger: Is Mick disoriented?

TED THAI/TIME

Paddy Chayefsky: Is hate fate?

ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

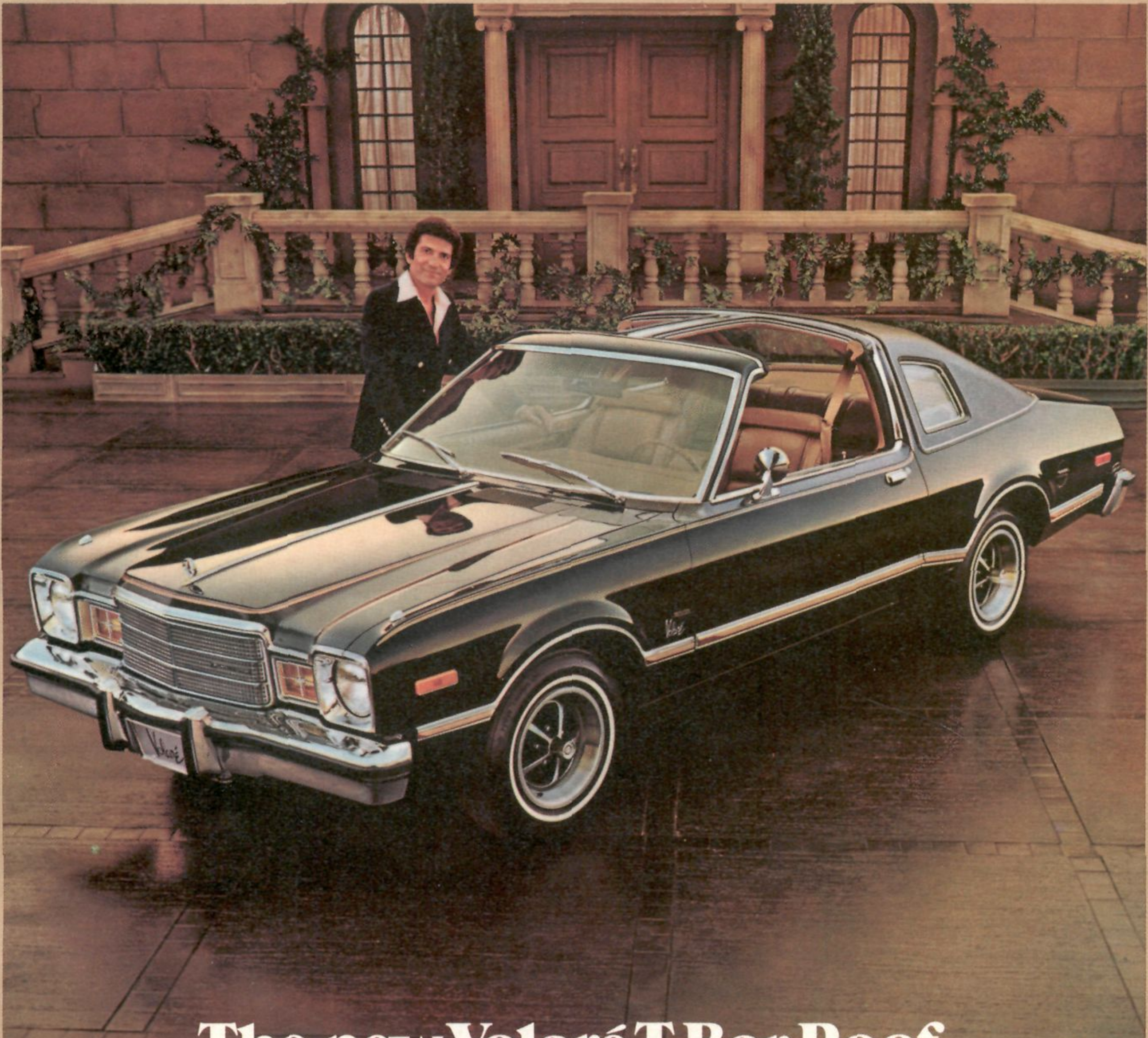
Carol Burnett: Is Liv livid?

Son Stroke "I've screwed up my personal life because of my work. I'm a failure in many ways as a man because of my obsession with what I do." The breast being beaten belongs to Robert Evans, and what he does is produce successful movies (*Chinatown*, *Marathon Man*) and failed marriages (three that lasted a total of five years). Now, at 46, he vows to change his workaholic ways to be with son Joshua, 6, by Ali MacGraw. "I have my son for six weeks in the summer," he reports. "Last year I was so busy I saw him for two days." And this year? "If Bob Redford, Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty and Marlon Brando said they wanted to make a picture with me for nothing this summer, I wouldn't do it," claims Evans. "I'm going to spend the time with my son."

GIB-Berish The slithery celebrity and the writer talked all night some time ago, eating Chinese food in the celebrity's London townhouse, for the reporter's titillating book, *What Makes a Woman GIB* (*good in bed)*. Finally the subject, revealing the insecurities bred in the 13 years she spent in convent school, pleaded with the reporter to interview her rock star husband on the subject. "I'd love to know what he thinks about it, but I don't think he'd talk. I know he has this thing about Japanese women." The lady wasn't John Lennon's ex-wife but Bianca Jagger.

Furthermore

- Paddy Chayefsky may be mad as hell, as the line goes in his hot new film, *Network*, which made him Hollywood's most bankable satirist. But he's not ready to move to Hollywood. He'd like to, says Paddy, "if I knew how not to live in New York. New York is Hatred City, very alive and a great climate for work."
- As a going-away (from the cold) present for himself, exiting CIA director George Bush coyly requested U.S. Passport No. 000007. The response: negative.
- Liv Ullmann cracked up in *Face to Face*, but Carol Burnett, who accepted the L.A. Film Critics best actress prize for her, cracked last. "It seems ironic to be holding this award for Liv," the comedienne deadpanned. "I can still see the tears in Ingmar Bergman's eyes when I turned down the part."



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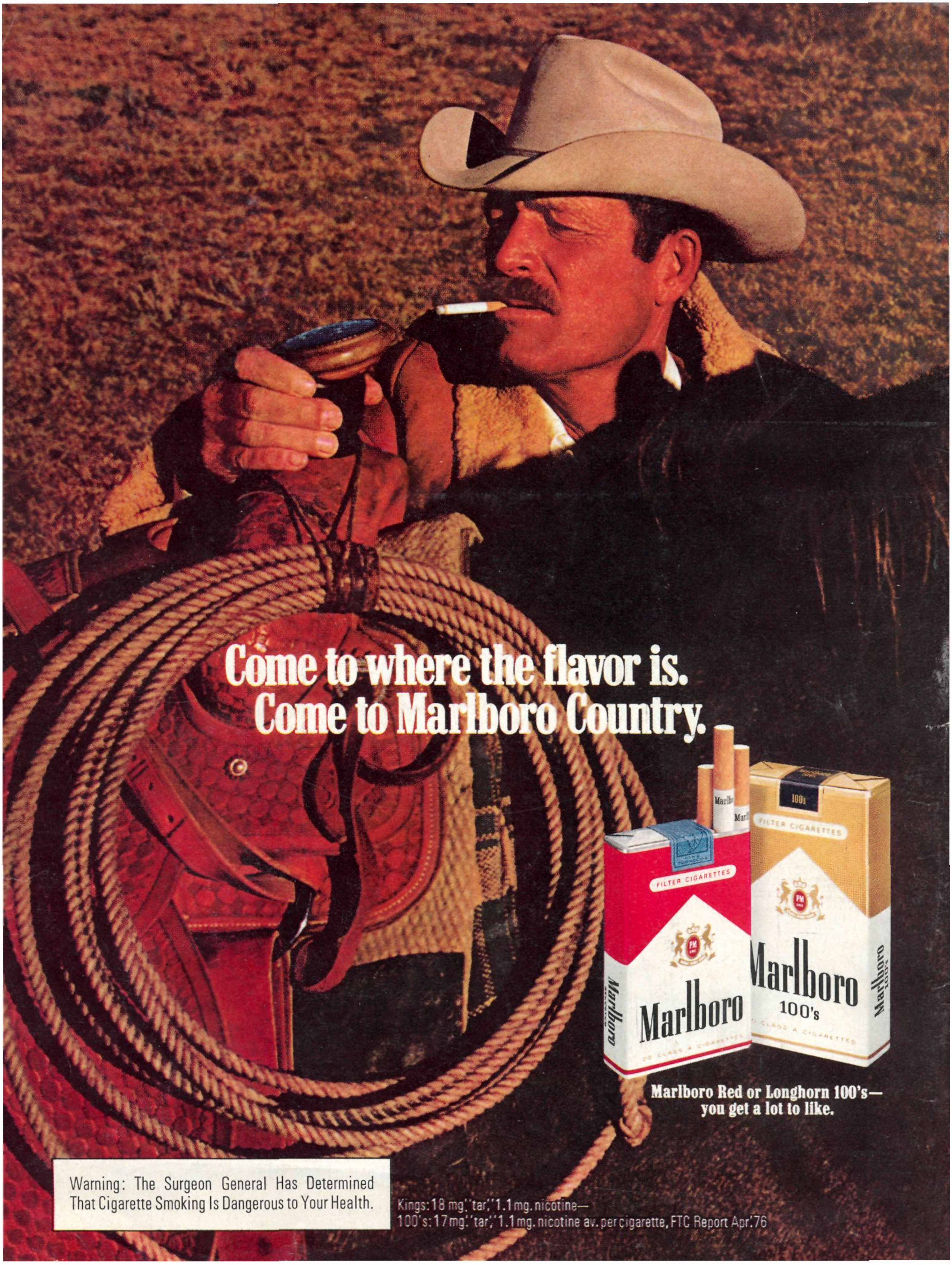
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